IT MAKES YOU FEEL FIT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 58. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 11TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

OATINE Toilet SOAP

Great Introductory Offer.

10,000 TABLETS TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE.

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Please send me a box of 8 Oatine Preparations, a copy of Booklet, "Beauty Hints," and a FREE Tablet of Oatine SOAP.

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I enclose 3d. in stamps for package and postage (halfpenny stamps preferred).

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FOR EVERY READER OF "MODERN MAN."

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test the benefits to be derived from the use of **SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS**, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will dispatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-Bells you have selected. Use them *free of charge* for seven days, and at the end of this time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for **2/6** as your first payment, and the Balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of **2/6** each.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, return them to our address, and *no charge whatsoever will be made.*

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This Chart contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND STRONG.

Everybody has the opportunity of proving the truth of the claim we make for the Grip Dumb-Bells. No references or other formalities are necessary—we trust you. We don't wish to labour the point, fill in the form below and try them for yourself for 7 days free of all cost.

The surest and quickest way to health and strength is systematic exercise, and the ideal exercise is obtained by regular use of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. They give every muscle and organ of the body that exercise which nature *demands*, because, if perfect health and strength are to be acquired, exercise is as necessary as food.

Although such splendid results are derived from the use of the Bells, the exercises only take about fifteen minutes to perform, but they contain all the beneficial movements of a day's outdoor exercise.

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Date.....190

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Gentlemen's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

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Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I MAY RETURN THEM DIRECT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS and NO CHARGE WHATEVER WILL BE MADE.

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Several hundred years ago the first encyclopædia was produced. Its compiler was a Dominican friar, Vincent de Beauvais, who condensed all the knowledge of his day into three manuscript volumes.

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£2000 IN CASH PRIZES FOR XMAS.

This grand Competition is entirely **FREE TO ENTER**, and every reader of this paper can enter for it. Just for a few minutes of clever brain work you may share in the large Cash Prizes we are offering. The pieces above have to be cut out and formed into a circle. You will have to puzzle your brains for a while, but keep at it until you succeed in forming the circle, and when you have done so paste or gum the pieces on a sheet of paper and write your name and address underneath. We shall give £100 in cash to those who form the circle correctly, and if more than one correct solution is received we shall divide the money *pro rata*. Send in your solution at once. As we have already stated, this competition is **FREE TO ENTER**, and there is only one simple condition with which you have to comply, and which need cost you, necessarily, not one single penny piece. With your solution enclose a stamped addressed envelope for result, &c., and at the same time we will tell you about other Cash Prizes, value about £1,900.

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. (31 Dept.),
94, Manor Park Road, LONDON, N.W.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 58. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 11TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

ANOTHER OSCAR WILDE CASE.

A SENSATIONAL EXPOSURE.

The degradation of a private individual is ever an intensely painful affair to his immediate friends, but the degradation of a celebrity is a matter often fraught with the gravest consequences to the community at large, and is therefore not to be undertaken in any spirit of levity.

Rightly or wrongly, the community looks to its public men to fulfil a high standard of dignity and decency, and any pronounced lapse from that standard produces a dangerous effect upon those who are influenced by example.

Hence it is with regard to this, and only after prolonged consultation with your Editor, that it has been decided to publish this article.

The intention, at least at present, is to do no more than to sound a note of warning.

The Editor, who is in full possession of the facts, although he will not hesitate, if it becomes necessary, to expose fearlessly the identity of the individual, is yet anxious that the shameful scandal of a public prosecution may be avoided.

If the personage in question is to avoid appearing as prisoner at the Old Bailey in what may be the most sensational case of the past twenty years, there are but two courses open to him.

He must either quit the country or commit suicide.

The choice is his, but if he does neither, the evidence in our possession will be put at the disposal of the authorities, for a crime such as his allows no merciful measures.

The possibility has not been lost sight of that, as in the case of Wilde and the Marquis of Queensberry, he may attempt to brazen the matter out by bringing an action for libel.

This contingency the Editor regards with indifference. The ultimate result would inevitably be that of his predecessor.

What is of supreme importance is that the young men of to-day should not have presented before them an example of foul and unnatural crime. For that reason we give the man (if we can call him such) the opportunity of choosing one or other of the alternatives we have suggested, for it would be better for the community that he should escape his punishment in this manner than that the gruesome details of his profligacy should be published in the newspapers.

This paper has at all times been an ardent supporter of the Army, and it has been justified in its support, for the average soldier is in every sense a man and a gentleman, but there are exceptions which are condemned as strongly by their comrades as by us.

Lord Roberts and General Baden-Powell have done much to advertise the Army and make it popular. Obviously they have its welfare at heart. We invite them to walk down Piccadilly any night at 12.30 and to keep their eyes open. They will find there a traffic among men which we feel that they will consider it necessary for them to use all the weight of their influence to suppress.

The personage against whom this article is levelled is not the only one who is guilty of this, the blackest and most abominable offence that men can perpetrate, and our police authorities must be awakened to take steps for the stamping-out of it. Cases are rare, for men revolt against confessing that their sex can be guilty of such loathsome depravity, but the evidence that private individuals refuse to give can surely be furnished by our police detectives if they justify the wages we pay them.

Meanwhile, let those who are brought into contact with such degenerates take the law into their own hands and measure out to them justice and punishment according to their belief.

GODFREY BURWOOD.

CHEEK.

A glaring red poster of the Tariff Reformers says "Land for the People." A correspondent wants to know whether they mean the cemetery.

* * *

Lord Hawke says he would rather have Yorkshire lose matches by sporting cricket than draw them by unattractive cricket. Meaning that they would draw better, no doubt.

* * *

The latest fancy of the imprisoned Suffragettes is to refuse to undress themselves. Just as we were beginning to think they could bear anything!

* * *

Sir Gilbert Parker calls Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill "the great twin thunder-pumpers." Truly (en)lightning criticism.

* * *

"As I trudge through the sweet *smells* of an autumnal *twilight*"—warbles Mr. James Douglas in an article. The italics are ours, but a twilight that smells deserves them.

* * *

Said the Rector of Kelston, near Bath, when fined at the County Sessions for mercilessly thrashing a small boy named Billett for a trivial offence: "I am very sorry to hear it. I believe it will have a bad effect." Perhaps, he reflected—Billett won, billet lost!

* * *

Professor Lowell, of Flagstaff Observatory, Arizona, alleges that the inhabitants of Mars are dying for want of water. What's the matter with brandy-and-soda?

* * *

During the recent action brought by the actress, Miss Ada Webster, against a theatre manager the judge observed, "Without claiming any knowledge of dressmaking, I understand that one can take a garment in, but cannot always let it out." How different from the fair wearers! You take them out, and they let you in. E. MILLAR.

SOCIETY AND THE MAN.

WHAT IT OFFERS, AND WHAT IT DOESN'T.

The man who dislikes society is probably choosing the wrong kind.

What does one mean by society? Many definitions have been given, but to most men the word suggests the meeting of one's fellows—that is to say, one's social and financial equals—in a private way, in their own homes, and with always a dash of woman infused into the mixture.

It is to be regretted that many women, kindly souls and meaning their best, are social failures.

A man, a friend, let us say, of one of the sons of the household, is invited to spend a night or a week-end at a house. He accepts the invitation with mixed feelings, wondering whether or not he will enjoy himself or put in a period of unutterable boredom. Much, of course, rests with his own particular friend in the family, but the impression that he will carry away with him depends largely upon the woman who heads the household.

She is of various types. The ideal hostess has an inexpressible faculty of being kind. She anticipates your wants and attends to them, either personally or by her servants, and she does it unobtrusively. You are never fussed at. You come in from a long walk, or from some other outdoor recreation, with a strong desire to wash, and you find hot water on the toilet-table in your bedroom. There was no fuss—you were not asked whether you would like hot water; it was simply there in case you might care for it. But there it was, and it is such little things, such points of thoughtfulness, that influence the impression that a man carries away with him.

On the other hand, we have the hostess who fusses. Generally she is a woman whose husband has managed to raise her from a lower rank of society, and she is painfully anxious not to contravene any of the social rules that she has learnt from the various penny weekly papers devoted to the interest of ladies.

A woman of this type fusses around a man in a hundred ways.

Table etiquette and other things that a man accustomed to good living is apt to mould to his own particular desires, are to her a matter for worship, and unconsciously you feel that you are displeasing her by neglecting those stringent rules that are observed in Suburbia only.

Such a woman gets on a man's nerves, and, if it is his misfortune to spend a day or more under her roof, he will leave it feeling about as vigorous as a wet rag.

Society has much to offer a man. It drags him away from his business, and brings home to him the fact that there are other things that may interest him besides making money; but society to a man is only pleasant when it is of his own choosing, and nothing should persuade him to accept a second invitation from people whose first hospitality he has not thoroughly enjoyed.

R. C. CARDEW.

THE OUTSIDER

A SKETCH.

You must understand at the outset that opinions on personal character are generally conflicting, which accounts for the fact that not everyone in the little township of Blackstaple really considered Rex Beynon an Outsider.

But there were several who most emphatically did, and they had their own reasons.

The society of the local semi-fashionable youth—good fellows in their way—withdrew, so to speak, the hem of their garment at the approach of the Outsider. They condescended to converse with him, perhaps, but they were not effusive by any manner of means.

The Outsider had the entrée into that Set mainly because he had met and defeated nearly all the members thereof in open conflict during the days of their very extreme youth. It may or may not be that the Set feared to displease him lest there should be a repetition of these one-sided battles.

The man had a wretched habit, too, of speaking his mind very plainly upon all subjects, and persisted in the unpalatable method of calling the proverbial spade nothing but a spade. This is a thing never permitted in polite society. The Set considered it bad form. He had but few really witty sayings, and neither poured oil upon his hair nor on the troubled waters of their discontent.

"Bah!" said the Set; "that Beynon's a bit of an Outsider!"

The Set considered they had a case against the Outsider. The Outsider might have raked up a case against them, had he troubled to think about them very deeply.

Now the counts against the Outsider were very grave on personal grounds alone. Just consider them.

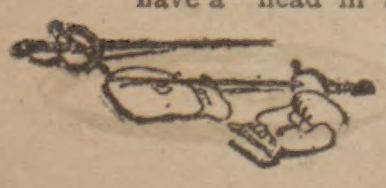
First of all there was his appearance. Now, what can be made of a man who wears his waistcoat with the bottom button fastened, instead of always undone as prescribed by fashion? Further, who ever heard of lounge suit trousers being worn without being turned up? Thirdly, is it not practically certain that a man who has no taste for fancy socks will inevitably be everlastingly damned?

Taking into account all these things (of which the Outsider was flagrantly guilty) and also *the* last straw which crushed the camel's backbone—the fact that the Outsider carried his handkerchief in his pocket instead of up his sleeve—is it to be wondered at that on these heads alone the far from kingly Rex was indeed termed an Outsider, and a "rank" one at that?

Lest you should be shocked even deeper than you are now, you shall be spared the full heresy of the Outsider's remarks when one Mr. Wakefield Blane (aged twenty, and a man full grown, of course) enlarged one morning upon the fact that he had a "head." The previous evening he had had a "deuce of a time," said Mr. Blane. He had been to a dinner and drank himself black and white with whisky-and-soda.

"You must have been a damned little fool!" said the Outsider—and went on with the aforementioned heresies.

Every young man knows well enough that to have a "head in the morning" is a thing to be proud of and boasted about.



You drink blameless "Polly" and a slice of lemon, fixing the barmaid the while with a wan, sickly smile to show you know what a perfect devil of a fellow you are.

The wretched Outsider, of course, could not be expected to see the glory of this.

So Mr. Wakefield Blane gathered the Set around him, and carefully seeing to it that the Outsider was nowhere within earshot, he called him—

"*A bloomin' Prig.*"

Of course, all the Set knew that the Outsider was a fool for himself. It was certainly mad of him to fall out with a coterie of young sportsmen who were having wire "finals" from an advertising "Owner" in Newmarket.

The "Owner" sent many "specials," and one day, when a big race was to be run on Newmarket racecourse, a Mr. Skeffington Hythe, who wore talkative waistcoats and carried an elaborate betting book, felt that, for old sake's sake, the Outsider ought to be apprised of this "good thing."

He stopped the Outsider in the street.

"It's *extra*," he said. "From an Owner of our acquaintance. You'd better have a half-sovereign on it."

"Thanks," said the Outsider, producing a half-sovereign, "I know a *very* good bookmaker!"

And he placed the coin in another pocket.

The fact that the horse ran "nowhere" did not affect the fact that the half-sovereign was still in the Outsider's pocket.

Which conclusively proved, to put it in Mr. Hythe's words, that the Outsider was—

"*No Sportsman.*"

It happened that quite by accident the Outsider met the members of the Set one night in Piccadilly. They informed him that they had come to Town "on the spree."

The Outsider recognised this as a youthful malady, and was ready to humour it up to a certain point.

Together they went into an evil-smelling saloon, where pale young men and coarse women drank lager beer from glass mugs, and banged on the table in time with the alleged Red Hungarian Band.

The Outsider put his lips to the oily lager and set it down again. A girl with bared neck and repulsive lips offered him a cigarette. His disgust must have showed itself on his face.

The members of the Set informed her she was a darling—and suggested she should pay no attention to the Outsider, who preferred his bread-and-butter fiancée at home. (Roars of laughter.)

Somehow this made the Outsider feel physically sick . . . then half mad.

In his blundering way he upset a mug of beer over the filthy table as he lurched out. The girl called him a vile name. The Outsider was thankful when he had left the smoke-festooned saloon and stood outside in the comparatively clean air of the Circus.

As Mr. George Filson, lady-killer, put it, this made it clear that the Outsider was—

"*A plaster Saint.*"

Then came a sad period of Civil War among the Set—a little game of "all spite," a three-cornered contest, when the hostile feeling ran just as high as it always does when the proverbial thieves fall out.

The Set proceeded to pull themselves to pieces most inartistically. The trimmings to the piece are not worth recounting. Every man knows that to find fault with the potatoes at the family dinner table is to court the raking up of past misdeeds from one's childhood onwards.

The fact that Messrs. Hythe and Filson termed Mr. Blane an incipient drunkard, that Messrs. Filson and Blane suddenly discovered that Mr. Hythe was a gambler of the "crook" kind, and said so, that Messrs. Blane and Hythe stigmatised Mr. Filson as a loose liver—these are merely the metaphorical potatoes around which the serried ranks of crude insults formed and reformed.

In the midst of all this, each separately and secretly drifted towards the Outsider, and carried their woes to him, so that he saw all that was hid from their prejudiced gaze. Strangely, they knew they could *trust* him!

There was a night when he arranged that they should meet "accidentally" at his "digs," where, happily, the landlady was hard of hearing and the furniture old, but strongly made.

After much persuasion he produced the boxing gloves to settle the matter, and when the Set had got themselves out of breath in a far from lengthy "mill," the Outsider proceeded to interest them in the ethics of the noble art of self-defence as a sport that is *really* sport.

So that now the public-houses, the street-corner bookmakers, and the lager beer halls of Piccadilly know the Set no more, and the Outsider came on and *won*—as such Outsiders often do in life's race because they can *stay* the course.

J. G. GRAHAM.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

The League, which we have founded for the encouragement of good sportsmanship and good fellowship, has now a very extensive membership, but we shall not rest content until we have enrolled every one of our readers and friends.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

The League Badge (Actual size).

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

SHARING A HORSE.

AN IDEA FOR THE HORSE-LOVER WHO HAS A LIMITED INCOME.

There is no credit attaching to a man who owns a horse and can very well afford to pay for it, and who can bear all the expenses attaching to its upkeep. He has been happily circumstanced, and, though one may envy him, it is hardly necessary to admire him, for he has done only what anyone else would do similarly placed.

For my own part, however, I claim a good deal of credit in owning a horse, in part at least, for in the ordinary way I could certainly not afford to do so, and it has taken a good deal of management to bring the desired end to pass.

Inspired by certain horsey articles in THE MODERN MAN, and also by the fact that I had had a taste of close association with horses at camp, I made up my mind that by hook or by crook I should manage things so that I should have a horse at my own disposal whenever I wanted him.

The solution lay in co-operation.

I have two particular friends. One of them is also in a Yeomanry regiment, but the other is not a Territorial, owing to a defect in eyesight, although he is a sport every inch of him, and the sort of chap who would, I felt sure, be only too keen on joining in a venture of this description.

AN IDEAL COMBINATION.

I myself am in a Government office, and am clear of work by four o'clock each day. By five o'clock I am back at home. My Territorial friend is in a bank, with the usual banking hours. My other friend is under-manager of a bakery establishment, and he has to be on duty during the night.

It struck me that the combination was ideal. If amongst us we bought a horse, I could ride him in the early evening, for I am home early; my friend who is a bank clerk, could ride him in the early morning; while the manager of the place that turns out the staff of life could have a go on him some time during the afternoon.

I pointed these things out to them, and showed them how well our different hours fitted in with the keeping and the exercising of a horse.

It is well-known to every busy man who keeps a hack that he has not himself time enough to exercise it, and is obliged to send it out during the afternoon, or some other time, with his groom. The groom is, for the time being, enjoying all the fun of possessing a horse, and it struck me that the additional exercise, which I myself could not afford the time to give my hack, might very well be given and enjoyed by someone who was contributing towards his keep. And so I broached the matter to my friends.

WHAT I GUARANTEED.

They were chary about tackling the thing at all, for the average man entertains very weird ideas concerning the cost of keeping a horse, and they feared that they might be letting themselves in for something that would run away with all their spare money.

My experience in the Territorials, however, had shown me the cost of keeping a horse, and this had been verified by the experience of a man I knew who was lucky enough to be able to keep one for himself.

I pledged my honour to my friends that the total cost would not be more than 15s. a week, and in consideration of my promise they agreed to co-operate with me.

We hunted about for quite a month, looking at various hacks, seeing many that did not suit us, but at last we picked up one for £35 which was exactly the type we wanted. He was fifteen hands in height, well-made in every way, and guaranteed sound in all respects by the man who sold him to us.

I made arrangements to pay £10 cash for him, and £5 a week till the full £35 was paid off. Each of us had saved a little money, and, with our savings and what we were making, our share in the purchase price inflicted no burden upon us.

The account department was, with the consent of my two friends, entrusted to me, and I am pleased to say that it has been entirely satisfactory.

In the suburb where we live there are many public-houses which were built at the time when there was a boom in licensed property, but few of them are now paying their way. It was easy for me to make arrangements with one of these places to have the horse stabled in one of their loose boxes at 2s. 6d. per week.

THE COST OF GRUB.

I have found that the fodder bill never amounts to more than 7s. 6d. a week, even when we buy chaff by the sack, oats by the bushel, and hay and straw by the truss.

Our bill for shoeing amounts roughly to 1s. a week. This makes our total expenditure only 11s. per week, which is 4s. less than the amount that I guaranteed as a maximum.

The saddlery cost us just under £5 altogether. Some of it we bought second-hand, and we shared the cost.

Not one of the three of us is what you would call well off, but by this co-operation we find ourselves able to have a ride every day, and to be able to say that we own a horse.

Our partnership is ideal, for we are the best of pals, and there is no jealousy or anything of that kind. We do the grooming ourselves, and each of us is only too keen on putting in as much work of this kind as possible. I venture to think that the horse is better turned out and better groomed than any other you will find in the district.

OUR RESERVE.

Finding that my estimate of weekly expenses was considerably higher than that which we actually incurred, I persuaded my two friends to set aside what we call a sinking fund, from which we pay for an insurance policy for the horse, and from which we shall also pay the veterinary surgeon's fee if ever we need his services. If this sinking fund becomes unnecessarily large we shall, of course, cut down the weekly subscription.

At the present time we are each paying exactly 5s. a week for the privilege of having a ride every day, and we have, besides the exercise, the privilege—and I consider it such—of being in close association with a horse whenever we want.

There is something nice about going into a stable and rubbing a horse down after you have been working all day in a big city. It seems to bring the human element out of you, and it makes you feel kindly also, for a man could not have dealings with such a friendly beast as ours without having his heart softened.

I don't know exactly what the other chaps think about it, but for my part there is as much pleasure—almost—in grooming our hack as in riding him.

I commend the idea to any reader who may have a liking for horse-flesh and for riding, without having the means to gratify it in the ordinary way. The secret, as I have said, is co-operation.

R. CURTON-PATERSON.

THE BUTTY-COLLIER.

A SKETCH.

Just a man in the rough, big of frame and massive, with sinews and muscles of iron, with a tongue as rough as his hand, a heart as big as his body, and an appetite that would put that of the famous Gargantua to shame.

A bit of real Staffordshire he was, with all the characteristics of that county; downright, honest, afraid of no man—his very vices the outcome of his strength—with no more graces of manner than ornaments upon his working clothes; with a bold eye for a likely wench, but for all that a good husband and a fond father.

Ah! but the man I have in my mind's eye is more than a type—he stands out from his fellows because I happened to make his acquaintance He was a "butty"-collier.

I saw him first in his workaday clothes.

He said it was all in the day's work, but I don't think the stopping of a runaway horse is usually looked upon as part of an ordinary man's daily jobs.

It was a tough piece of work even for his grand strength and well-trained muscles, but he saved a white-faced woman from as ugly a death as ever presented itself. The mouth of the disused shaft was not a pleasant sort of entrance to the "Larger Room."

He just nodded to her, told her she was all right, and went off. He'd have done what he did for any woman, he said.

It didn't matter to him that she was the wife of the biggest colliery owner in the shire, though I think the big chap was no end proud of the handsome watch which was presented to him afterwards as a token of gratitude.

The next time I saw him he was in gala attire. It was some funeral feast, I fancy—they make much of a burying in the Black Country.

Anyhow, he was in very shiny black broadcloth, with a passion flower in his buttonhole. And his wife was resplendent in silk and velvet of all the shades of a fuchsia.

He did not look a quarter as well as he did in his working clothes, nor one whit as grand as he did when stripped for a wrestling bout or a game of fisticuffs in which he always came off winner.

But if his smile was of the bashful and sheepish order, hers was one of genuine pleasure and satisfaction. They were the best-dressed couple "out Cannock way."

He was open-handed like all his fellows. There was not a seam of meanness in all that big carcase; a bit of a martinet, perhaps, but ready with practical help when one of his neighbours fell on hard times.

He was not always choice of language—sometimes the blackness of the pit was as apparent in his speech as in his appearance—but he could be as tender as a woman is supposed to be when his linnet, the champion singer of the district, fell sick. And the bull-terrier felt a lot more confidence in him than in his softer-voiced "Missus."

What if he did occasionally match his Dick against a fellow-butty's Bob—an illegal match in which several sovereigns changed hands, and a lot of excitement was supplied in the fact that a good watch had to be kept lest the police should get wind of the affair?

This was varied by a secret cockfight, where feathers flew and the combatants crowed defiance at each other and the steel spurs did deadly work.

A good deal of the old Briton lingers still in the hills and dales of old Staffordshire—on the pit brow and by the blast furnaces men are not so squeamish in their tastes or in their sports as those who work easy and lie soft.

They are a rough lot, whether at work or play, but they are *men* who go down into the pit—and sometimes find death there.

And the butty-collier's as fine a fellow as God Almighty ever made, "take him for all in all."

M. BRUCE.

DRAMATIC SHORT STORY.

RETRIBUTION

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The wife of Tommy Birch, officer in His Majesty's Navy, and therefore conveniently absent for long periods in the year, half sat, half lay in a low upholstered couch in the rooms of Harold Blackmore, barrister-at-law.

She was in evening dress. Her skin was ivory-white, her face and figure of the kind to drive impressionable men mad.

One arm was thrown back languorously, and now and again she placed a cigarette between her lips, puffed, and removed it with a slow, wide sweep. Both pose and gesture she knew to be effective, and the feline sleepiness of her eyes as they gazed at her companion came from the satisfied consciousness that she looked beautiful.

Harold Blackmore, also in evening dress, the black clothes throwing into pronounced relief the cold pallor of his face that was habitual, was in a chair opposite the couch, watching her, all the features of his face calm and controlled, save his eyes, which had the peculiar sheen of insatiable passion.

They were both poseurs, these two. She had a secret belief that she was of that splendid, abandoned type of women who, allowed the opportunity, score their names on the pages of history in violet ink. Harold Blackmore was fond of reflecting that he had a mysterious, impenetrable personality which compelled the admiration of women and created in them awe.

Hence they suited each other very well, being both romantically persuaded that theirs was a *grande passion*, and needed only a higher station in life to become historic. It is a way some fools have of disguising the sordidness of a vulgar intrigue.

"The last night," said Blackmore, feeding on the sight of her, "the last night for——"

"Ten days," she added, languidly.

"Meanwhile I shall be playing the dutiful wife to my faithful husband."

"You'll keep him at arm's length," he commanded threateningly.

"Perhaps," she said, with irritating uncertainty.

"You *will*."

"How can I? He's my husband."

"Pooh! It rests with you. He'll do anything you like, and a smile now and then will content him."

"A bone to a hungry dog. The scraps from the rich man's table." She stretched slightly.

"Yes. And I'm the rich man. That's true, isn't it?" He discharged the question at her savagely.

"You say so," she said.

He suddenly got up, and kissed her full lips with intensity, kissed them until she kissed back.

Then she intervened her arm and pushed him away.

"Let's be sensible," she said, and there was a faint throb in her voice. "He'll be here to-morrow."

"What does that matter," he whispered.

"Nothing; only——." She paused, and still pushed to keep him away.

"You're afraid he'll taste my kisses on your lips," he challenged fiercely. "You're afraid he'll find out."

"Afraid!" She made a minute grimace, then gave a low laugh. Nevertheless, Harold Blackmore was not far wrong.

"Swear that you don't love him. Swear that you'll keep him——"

"I shall swear nothing of the kind," she interrupted petulantly; but in another moment, seeing a look well-familiar in his face, she yielded. "Yes, I swear. I swear there is no man in all the world for me but you. Now, sit down," she pleaded.

He laughed triumphantly, and obeyed.

"What time is he arriving?" he asked.

"I don't know. He'll wire me to-morrow. The ship reached Portsmouth this morning."

"What if he should get away earlier and turn up to-day?" suggested Blackmore with amusement.

She covered an artificial yawn. "Then I shall find him at the flat when I get home."

"And what excuse for the late hour would the dutiful wife make to her worshipping husband, returned from a three months' cruise on the blue seas?"

She smiled. "If he should ask, I should inquire whether he had ceased to trust me, and it would take him so long to make ardent protestations to the contrary that the original question would be forgotten."

Then she looked at the clock.

"A quarter to twelve," she said. "I must be going. I've got quite a name in the mansions already."

She got up, although he made a quick motion to arrest her.

"Ten days," he said in a low tone, and he caught and gripped her shoulders, staring long into her face. "You'll count them?"

"Yes," she whispered.

Slowly their faces neared, and they were fastened in a straining embrace when there came a sudden loud rat-tat on the door. Then the handle of the door was tried, the door found to be locked, and another furious rapping followed.

The two parted, and stared. Guilt made terror to live momentarily in their faces. Then, peremptorily, Blackmore pointed to the door of the bedroom beyond, and silently as a cat she stole away.

Waiting until she had disappeared and the door was noiselessly closed, he went over to the other door which someone was now trying to force open.

"Who the devil's that?" he called loudly.

"Me. Tommy Birch," came the reply.

Blackmore's lips parted, and went dry. He licked them mechanically, and stood thinking.

"Why the devil are you breaking down my door," he shouted, as the assault on it proceeded.

"I'll tell you when I get in."

A whisper, low and fear-stricken, reached Blackmore's ears. "O-h, what shall I do?"

He turned, and gestured violently. Then, when the wife of Tommy had again gone back, he turned the key, and opened the door, blocking the entrance with his body.

Tommy Birch, sunburned and blue-eyed, regarded him in silence for a moment. There was something in his face, a mighty resolve that quietened him to a mighty calm that was terrible.

"My wife's here," he said.

"Your w——" Blackmore's mouth framed for the incredulous repetition, but an abrupt, contemptuous sweep of Tommy's arms stopped it and staggered him.

Tommy Birch pushed past him into the room.

One glance round, and he strode rapidly across to the closed bedroom door.

With a spring like a dog after a deer, Blackmore was on him. "No, you don't," he muttered.

A grating laugh came from Tommy, and twisting round, he drove his fist with all the strength of his arm into Blackmore's face.

The snap of teeth and a cough, and Blackmore went careering towards the fireplace, bearing the table and all that was on it with him.

When Tommy turned again the doorway was filled by the figure of his wife, drawn to full height, her face deathly white, but her eyes proud and scornful.

"I thought so," he said in an odd little voice, something like the voice of a child after grief, and groping, he found a chair and dropped into it, still watching her.

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour?" she asked coldly. "Are you mad?"

"Yes; that's it. He's mad," echoed Blackmore, who had got up and was tenderly feeling his chin.

"You find me visiting a friend," continued his wife. "I, that you would have playing with your finger-ends all the time you are away, and you rush in like an escaped hooligan. I know what you think. I know what you mean. It is foul and false."

Still Tommy's eyes were fixed on her—eyes that were without expression. Perhaps it was that before he saw her he had been fighting as a man fights death the suspicions he had had.

"And how is it that you have arrived a day before you said in your letter?" she went on, as that offence were the worst of all.

"I came," said Tommy, "hoping to give you a surprise—a pleasant surprise." He looked down at the hands idly dangling between his knees. "Not a surprise like this," he added, looking up.

"Who sent you here?" she demanded.

"There was a letter on your dressing-table, no address, no signature but H., but it was Harold Blackmore's writing."

As if remembering the presence of the other man, he turned to him. "That is true, isn't it?"

"I asked her to come and dine with me because she was lonely," was Blackmore's answer. He had regained confidence, and his impenetrable expression had returned.

"Yes; that was all it said," agreed Tommy passively, and, simple-hearted though the other two knew him to be, neither could tell what he was thinking.

"Well, come along," said his wife, impatiently, "you know now what a ridiculous mistake you made. If I didn't make allowances for the fact that you have been away so long, I should be more inclined to call it wicked than ridiculous. But it doesn't matter now." She picked up her cloak and proffered it for him to hold it for her.

"Put that down," said Tommy, quietly. "I'm not going yet."

"What do you mean?" she flashed. "I don't dare to suggest that I——"

"Yes?" asked Tommy, as she paused.

"That there has been anything wrong?" she concluded, eyeing him defiantly.

"Yes," said Tommy simply.

And her eyes fell first.

Tommy got slowly to his feet. Without haste he approached Blackmore, who was standing on the hearthrug. Blackmore started as though he had been flicked with a whip.

"No more of that brawling now," he said.

There was the smack of fist on flesh, and Blackmore crashed back and down.

Tommy's wife gave a faint scream, and ran to hold his arms. "Oh, don't, *don't*," she cried.

Tommy looked round at her, and his face was like iron. "Get away," he said.

"No, *no!*" She clung wildly to him.

He flung her violently from him.

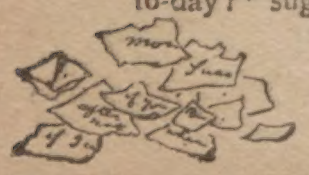
Then he went over to the cowering Blackmore, lifted him up with one hand on his collar, and his mallet fist into his face again and again.

"You cur, *fight!*" he said. "Fight!"

And he smacked and cuffed, and finally threw him.

"Now, you come home," he said calmly to his wife.

And she went with him.



CHOOSING THE OPEN-AIR COMPANION.

A PROBLEM THAT AFFECTS THE RAMBLER.

You will observe that I say "companion" rather than "companions," and I do so with a purpose.

Having caught your hare—or, in other words, having found your country, or mapped out your road, or viewed your trackless wilderness from some high point, and decided upon which speck on the horizon you will make for when next you go a-tramping or a-wheel—the thing most important to you is the selection of your fellow wanderer.

In the first place you may ask: "Is it necessary for me to find someone who will go with me?"

You may feel that it is the highest delight and the sweetest way of enjoying life to get out upon those downs, or to bury yourself in those deep lanes, or to disappear among those chess-board fields entirely alone. The presence of a second human element may disturb your wayward ideas, and, what is more to the point, may be a drag upon the plan you have made for yourself or upon the variations you wish to introduce into it when actually out.

There is no more irritating thorn in the flesh than the man who is always for carrying out the first fixed plan. When you come to diverging valleys it is likely that you will feel drawn to explore that one which does not come within the pre-arranged scope of your expedition. You need, then, a supple man, a man with the taste for exploring in his composition. And yet you do not want a sort of sandbag man, who will accept every alternative you propose with the readiness of a faithful dog. The quality is good in a dog, but infernally bad in the human companion of your walk or ride.

But it is safe to say that almost—almost I say—any companion is better than none. There are certain types that can live only in solitude, but the man whose mind and body are fit and full of the joy of life, and the lust for earth and air and wind and rain, is the better for a companion.

If alone, the silence of Nature appals; the hills grow up around and give him a feeling of intense isolation; they become oppressive.

To be alone with Nature is an experience that throws a man's physical and mental energies back upon himself. He cannot give way to the bounding health that is in him unless he behaves like a lunatic. The exercise, the leaping and running, and jumping, and loitering, that accord well with companionship, are impossible when alone.

Take the advice of an old roamer, and do not wander in threes. There is no truer adage than this "two's company, three's none" in all such sports as walking or cycling.

There is never any settled centre of gravity. A and B are sometimes in a majority, and then influences will bring about a change and B and C become the leaders, thus isolating A from C. The consequence is that there is no stable understanding between all the members of the party. There are always conflicting plans and suggestions, and it is just as embarrassing for the two in agreement as it is for the one left out.

It is a comparatively easy matter to knock up a friendship with one man whose tastes run more or less on the same lines as your own, but to find two such men is a difficult thing when the close companionship of a long day's or week-end's tramp is the test of your success.

Moreover, when out a long way from one's port, there are sure to be misadventures as well as adventures, and on the frame of mind in which these are accepted much depends.

The larger the number of men the more likelihood there is that the voice of the grumbler will be heard, and a grumbler is a very wet blanket. Punctures, wettings, even hunger and thirst, are cheerfully faced by two. They even add to the zest of the adventure.

C. EASTON-GREY.

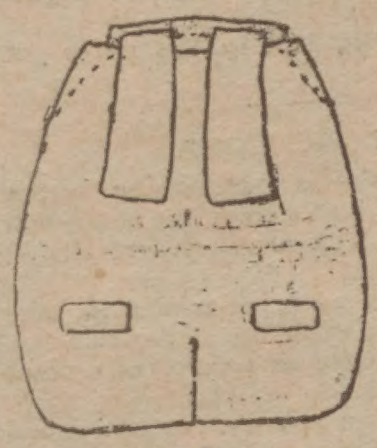
HOW TO FOLD A COAT

The Only Way to Avoid Unsightly Creases.

The best method of keeping a coat, if it is to be put by for any length of time, is, as I have pointed out on my own page in a former issue, to put it on a "coat-hanger," or a cross-piece of wood, which will keep the collar and back in a more or less natural position.

First Stage.

But it is not everybody who has a wardrobe large enough to accommodate all their coats in this "spread-eagle" fashion," and some must therefore be folded and kept in drawers. In any case do not hang the coat by the loop at the back of the collar for more than a few minutes at a time if you want it to keep its shape. It is not giving it a fair chance.



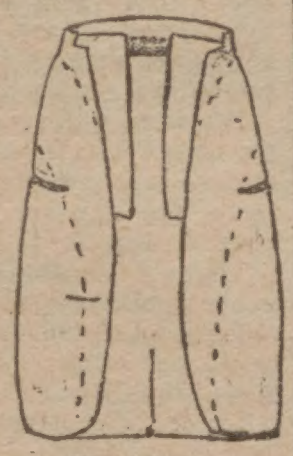
Second Stage.

There is only one correct way of folding a coat; any other will result in creases in the back or a crinkled collar.

The first illustration shows the coat as it should be laid out on a table or a bed. The sleeves must be stretched so as to remove the creases as far as possible at the elbow.

Then the sleeves must be laid flat with the creases down the front and back, and the shoulders should be pulled out, so that the cloth between them lies flat.

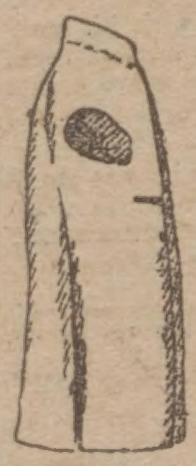
The collar should be opened out, and not left doubled over. The flaps of the pockets must be pulled out, in case they are half inside the pocket.



Third Stage.

The next step is to double the sleeves back, as shown in the second sketch, so that the cuffs come just below the top of the collar.

Then the sides are folded over, as in the next illustration, the collar being doubled on each side as close in as the sleeves will allow, and the coat being made as nearly rectangular in shape as possible. Here again you must insert your hand on each side, and make sure that the flaps of the pockets are not crumpled up, but are folded neatly down the middle, for the fold at the side of the coat will run through them.



Fourth Stage

The final fold is down the centre of the back, one side being brought over on top of the other.

Now take the coat by the top, so that you grip the sleeves and the two sides together, and shake the coat out, pulling out the back between the shoulders.

The coat is then ready to be put away in the drawer, but if you are putting in a complete suit, be careful to place the coat above the trousers and waistcoat, as you want to press the latter but not the jacket.

A morning or frock coat is folded in the same way as a jacket, except that there is one more step—the folding over of the tails from the waist.

L. H. SAUNDERS.

HUNTING HINTS.

SOME ADVICE FROM AN OLD STAGER.

Naturally the seasoned hunting man is his own guide and the maker of his own map.

But the tyro is ever among us, and for him a few directions may not be out of place when the "dappled darlings give tongue, and life is worth the living" on a glorious hunting morning.

If you know your country, go your own way and trust your own judgment. If not, get someone to act as pilot and follow his advice.

Don't crowd on your leader. Many of the ugliest accidents on the hunting field are due to this lack of precaution. You don't know for a certainty what may happen the other side of a stiff fence with a big drop, and if you don't give him plenty of room the chances are that you fall on top of horse or rider or both.

Supposing that your mount is an "unknown quantity" as far as you are concerned, it will be safer to look out for easy jumps and not imagine that he is a lepper above price and can clear a five-barred gate with ease.

The hunting field is not the place in which to indulge in gymnastic and acrobatic displays, therefore it is wiser to take your horse through the gates than essay feats that are out of his power as well as yours.

In going over heavy ground it is foolish to gallop your horse. Take it easy, if the Fates intend you to be in at the death you will be.

One of the chief difficulties the novice has is the keeping clear of the hounds. This difficulty is increased if his horse is a mettlesome beast and he is not particularly strong in the wrist. This getting mixed up with the dogs is the unpardonable sin in the eyes of the M.F.H.

Another thing to be avoided is riding immediately in the wake of the dogs. Take your line either to right or left of them. Let them get well away.

You want all your wits about you when you hunt. It is not a pastime that only requires a divided attention.

You must look after your horse, and think for him as well as yourself. Notice the condition of the ground, and choose the driest part. If the going is over swampy ground you will need extra care.

Don't let your horse rush at his fences before you are ready, but never try to stop him if he has risen to the leap.

If possible at all, avoid barbed wire; it is the one great bar to pleasure in hunting, and all good sportsmen echo Whyte Melville's sentiment when he says: "Up with the timber, and down with the wire."

It often happens that the ground near a gate is filled up with bits of brick and stone and other rubbish. Where this is so, it is better to be prudent than brave, and unless your horse is a clipper, don't take that gate.

It is as well to remember that in leaping double ditches with a bank between no time must be lost after the first leap. The second must follow at once, or nine to one your horse will slide into the second ditch instead of leaping it.

If you have any choice in the matter, take a big leap where the ground is sound rather than a little one with spongy banks.

In riding downhill go slow, and be sure to take your horse straight downwards—not on the slant. Of course, the Nimrods of the past have done just the opposite and ridden as hard down steep hills as on the straight, but a novice can scarcely hope to emulate the gods yet awhile.

If you ride where stone walls form most of the boundaries, much depends on your horse. Some horses clear the wall in one bound; others will top the wall and spring down from there. Be prepared for either manœuvre.

Finally, take your horse home at a walk or the slow trot of the old-fashioned hunting man.

C. G. BEAUMONT.

MESSAGES FROM OUR READERS

NURSING A HORSE'S WOUND.

The man who owns or has charge of a horse is often very much at sea when he has to deal with a wound that results from a cut or gall, and the vet. is often called in when he can do no more than dress the wound in the same way that the least skilled person might have done.

The greatest aid to the quick healing of a wound is absolute cleanliness, and this must be insisted on in the case of a horse as it would be if you were yourself the patient.

It is Nature that heals the wound, and all you can do is to keep it absolutely clean and give Nature a chance.

Dirty dressings and dirty hands will often retard the healing, and may even cause disease.

The wound should be washed frequently with warm water and anointed with some good antiseptic ointment.

Bandaging will seldom be necessary, and is best avoided if there is the slightest chance of its causing swelling.

If it is possible to bandage the wound securely and satisfactorily, it should be covered with a pad of antiseptic lint and bound round evenly, so that one part of the bandage is not tighter than another, and no greater pressure than is necessary to keep the bandage in place is used.

ECONOMISING SPACE.

A friend of mine who is reduced to a "top floor back" for his earthly lodging, and who possesses a lot of "duds," hit on the following ingenious plan for economising space.

He first of all persuaded the landlady to remove the ordinary iron bedstead and put up at his own expense a hammock.

The chest of drawers he likewise shifted to the landing and put up a row of shelves. String bags were suspended from a row of nails and held various items.

He also had a let-down table, folding chairs, a washstand that shut up and could be used as an additional table, and a most ingenious expanding ack that let down from the ceiling and held a variety of small articles and folded up when not in use.

A swinging lamp gave sufficient light and took up no room, and altogether my friend had an airy and roomy lodging that was as neat as a sailor's cabin.

THE ART OF TELLING STORIES.

One of the most hackneyed quotations in the English language, and one that finds a place in almost every after-dinner speech, is "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Nevertheless, that is the secret of telling stories well. You need to cut them down to the smallest possible limits and to leave as much to be filled in by the imagination of your hearers as you can.

Another advantage in keeping a story short is that your hearer can pull you up in time if the story is a chestnut.

The wise man will ask him first whether he knows the story of the grouse in the gunroom or whatever it may be, but even then it may not be possible to ascertain whether the story is a familiar one without giving the point away.

If, therefore, you prolong the story and put in a lot of unnecessary details, it is a severe come-down when at the end of it your hearer, without moving a muscle, remarks, "Yes; I always liked that story."

Some men, however, are cruel enough deliberately to lead a man on to tell a chestnut which they will receive at the end of a long recital in some such way as the afore-mentioned. It is only fair to tell him that you know the story as soon as you know what he is driving at.

A certain friend of mine had a particularly delicate way of hinting at this to a man who told a stale story in his room.

On the mantelpiece reposed an elderly and shrivelled horse-chestnut, with which he would begin to toy as he scented an old yarn, and which came into greater prominence as the story proceeded.

Of course, the stranger did not always take the hint, but those who knew my friend would dry up pretty quick when they saw that chestnut beginning to come to the front.

It was I who burnt it, and he has never got another.

TASTY LUNCHEONS.

The average man who is "something in the City" frequently relies on a cup of tea and a bun for his midday repast, with disastrous results to his temper and digestion.

Personally I find it a much better plan to take a small lunch with me, made up in handy form, either in a sandwich case or neat grease-proof packet.

Of course, if you can afford it, a real good dinner—"cut from the joint," and so on—is hard to beat, but that's not everyone's money, and it's a bit *infra dig.* to sneak into a third-rate cook-shop and be served by a greasy waiter on a dirty cloth.

This is how I manage. I get a stale box loaf overnight and cut it into neat slices, butter, and spread them with divers tasty ingredients. Sometimes I have cold boiled eggs chopped up and mixed with a salad and made into sandwiches, sometimes simply tomato sandwiches.

Sausages well spread with mustard and laid in the hollow of a breakfast roll are not half bad, and caviare makes an out-of-the-way snack, if you can fancy the flavour. Extract of beef spread on bread-and-butter is quite eatable.

These I consume in the luncheon hour, and either wash them down with a glass of bitter or a draught of Adam's ale. Anyhow, I fancy it's a better way of doing myself than the unwholesome diet of the City clerk—bun and tea.

Try it for yourself and see.

THE AGONY OF PLEASURE.

A paradox! Do you think so?

Ask a harrier—a novice or fast crack, who has ambled home "dead beat" for the last few miles of a ten-mile race.

Ask a "Rugger" forward, who, with his ears bleeding, his shins scraped, and his limbs a mass of aches and pains, has tumbled into every scrum regardless of his injuries, eager only for the success of his side.

Ask even the football spectator, who has stood for many an hour watching his favourite team strive for victory, his feet frozen, his limbs numbed, and the tip of his nose blue with the cold.

Why this suffering? Why this pain? Is it the modern counterpart of the scourgings of the monks of old?

No; it is only a tax levied on the sportsman's pleasures of life; a tax, the payment of which calls forth one's best endeavours, and often no small amount of pluck.

But it is repaid a hundred-fold! For the athlete there is the enjoyment of a shower bath and a brisk rub down, followed by that grand feeling, which almost baffles description, of being all aglow—one's body seeming to exude health from its every pore. That is worth much suffering to attain, and once experienced what *man* would not go through fire and water for the pleasure of its repetition?

For the spectator there is a pipe, a bright fire, a comfortable seat, and good company with whom to discuss the incidents of the match; what more could man desire?

A CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

We are all, more or less, subject to the common winter complaint known as chilblains. No matter how thick our boots may be, or how well we may keep our hands cased in thick woollen gloves, they are bound to get chilled.

The simplest and best cure, which is by no means as well known as it ought to be, is to rub them night and morning with ordinary paraffin oil. Another old-fashioned remedy is to dissolve a quantity of common table salt in boiling water, putting a teacupful of salt in every pint of water, and to dip in the affected parts, letting them remain there until the water begins to cool. This should be repeated every evening.

Another safe cure, but one which is rather more unpleasant, is to plunge the feet or hands into hot and cold water alternately, night and morning.

As long as the chilblain remains unbroken, to paint it with iodine is often beneficial. Hazeline is also useful and less objectionable.

The hands should be very carefully dried after washing, and the more they are warmed by the fire the more painful will the chilblain become.

As chilblains are largely due to a poor circulation, they may often be prevented by good feeding and keeping up the general health.

THE CHAP WHO WILL BORROW.

What a nuisance he is, to be sure! Everybody knows this sort of chap, for one of this brigade lives in almost every diggings and belongs to nearly every club, and you meet him in every town you go to.

My particular bugbear is not half a bad sort in other ways, but he will borrow; not always cash, though he does this on occasion, but a collar to-day and a handkerchief to-morrow.

Last week he wanted the loan of a shirt, because his laundress had nicked one of his, and the week before it was a hair-brush, because he had been disturbed in the middle of the night by a cats' concert under his window, and he had thrown his own brush at the performers, and had not been able to recover it from the neighbouring garden where it had landed.

Another time he borrowed my fountain pen and then I had some of my own back. You haven't, perhaps, got a pen like mine; if you have you'd understand. It doesn't work under all known circumstances.

He has at various times borrowed my boot-trees, trouser-press, spirit-flask, reading-lamp, and my last quid, and returned every one in a state of more or less dilapidation; even the quid was reduced by one-half!

Not that I am afraid he will forget the other half. He is honest enough, but he is sentimental over money, and I believe he is cherishing the golden half!

I wonder what he will want next? Probably my boots, for he's had a go at every article of my apparel except these.

PARAGRAPHS ONLY.

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't exceed 300 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Don't send a letter to the Editor with a paragraph. Address it to him direct.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. E. W. O'Donnell, The Towers, Barry, S. Wales for "The Agony of Pleasure."

A YEOMANRY STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S FRIEND.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

At the side of the entrance to the Drill Hall at Brermouth is a door marked "Private" in white letters. But "Sacred" would be far more appropriate a legend, for those that enter there abandon all hope of ever again whetting their wit on His Majesty's Territorial Forces.

They are face to face with the serious purpose of the Secretary of State for War. They climb the somewhat ricketty stairs, worn by the feet of the bygone Volunteer Force. They pass through a door marked "Office," and enter an apartment that is hung with mysterious charts and regulations.

They answer a few questions put to them by the Sergeant-Major. The sponsor at their regimental baptism speaks for them, and prays they may show no signs of nervousness in the ordeal that is to follow.

Then the white-whiskered magistrate (hauled from his evening meal and anxious to get back to his fireside), says "Ah-h-m!" and supposes everything is in order. The Territorial fledgling holds the Book and repeats things after the magistrate in a tremulous drone. . . . . It is done!

"*Now*," says his sponsor cheerfully, "it'll cost you a fiver to get out. Meanwhile the custom demands a little soda for one. A little soda—that's all—with the merest spot of 'White Label.'"

It was in this dread apartment that Sergeant-Major Brighton, of the King's Own, sat one winter's eve in splendid isolation, and counted up the Squadron Roll, balancing it account-wise with the latest enlistments and resignations. His briar, in obedience to his life-long ruling that smoking on duty was sacrilege, lay cold upon the desk, amid the pens and papers.

"Vacancy for one," he said to himself, "and one only! Now——." He laid down the pen carefully, and, lighting his pipe, sat back in his chair, considering—"Kernahan or Hall? *That* is the question. Which is it nobler—to oblige?"

A double knock fell on the door.

The Sergeant-Major gave vent to a mental expletive.

"If it's Kernahan or Hall——"

Again the double knock.

"Come in!" said the Serjeant-Major, conscious that he was about to be faced with a problem equal only to the schoolboy's maxim in early lessons in mathematical division, "Two into one—won't go!"

Sergeant Hall, wearing his usual bland smile, to which neither man nor woman denied much, jingled into the room, touched his cap lightly in an unofficial salute, and took a chair.

"Well, Sergeant-Major?" he observed, questioningly.

"One vacancy," replied the Sergeant-Major, blowing clouds of smoke which, he prayed, might effectually obscure his troubled countenance.

"I always said," observed Sergeant Hall delightedly, "that Vincent Deever was born lucky—Mister Vincent Deever, that *is*. Trooper Vincent Deever that *will* be! Now this chap can ride well—a bit shaky at his fence, perhaps; but that's a matter of practice. He lives twenty miles away, of course, at Southwich; but the train service is—well, it might be worse. He's *sure* to be a good man. Besides that, he's a pal of Stephen's and mine. Therefore, Sergeant-Major, I propose him as a fit and proper Trooper for Squadron B."

"I see," said the Sergeant-Major, still emulating the factory chimney, and gazing at the newly whitewashed ceiling.

"I must say, 'Major," said Sergeant Hall after a strained pause, "that you display a lamentable lack of enthusiasm at the prospect of an addition to the little family of—er—your own Tenth Legion. This Deever is an embryo Carteret—'member when old Kernahan stood godfather for him in this very room?—an embryo Carteret, with *far* greater possibilities! Now, in my opinion, Carteret, best of chaps socially, has no—well—foundation. . . . Hang it! Who's that knocking?"

"Come in!" said the Sergeant-Major recklessly, fully aware that he was indeed "in for it" now.

Enter Kernahan and Carteret, with fitting respect due to the Holy of Holies.

"About that vacancy——" Kernahan and Carteret began breathlessly.

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed Sergeant Hall in parenthesis. "What the——"

"One moment, gentlemen, one moment!" The Sergeant-Major brought an agate paper-weight down upon the desk heavily. "Sergeant Hall——"

"Sir!"

"When did you last see Trooper Kernahan?"

"Oh, three days ago. He's been to London with Carteret—haven't you, Kerny? But what has *that* to do——"

"A great deal. Plainly enough, the lead is in *my* hand, so I'll be like the dummy at bridge and lay my cards on the table. Now, then, Hall and Kernahan, it's like this, my boys. I have *one* vacancy, and——"

The Sergeant-Major broke off abruptly. No youth, struggling with the problem of having to sit in a smoke-room all the wintry evening on one half-tankard of bitter, ever looked more perplexed.

"By the way, is your friend what is termed a 'sportsman,' Hall?" he said.

"I should say so!" replied the Sergeant.

"And yours?" The Sergeant-Major turned to Kernahan.

Kernahan dived his hand into his breast pocket.

"Carteret's little extravagances haven't left me much," he said, "but in the Good Sportsmanship Stakes I'll place this—my little all—on my friend, James Alexander. His father was a soldier before him, and——"

"I don't want his family history!" the Sergeant-Major growled. "The thing *is*, can he take a licking like a sportsman?"

"He can," said Trooper Kernahan.

"Who is he?" asked the Sergeant-Major. "And what's his line of business?"

"You know him—and all 'B' Squadron know him—almost as well as I do, though so far he's kept his name dark," Kernahan replied. "He says he doesn't see that it matters to anybody what he was christened; he believes in quietness and no notoriety during his time off business, and I don't blame him. But he's the——"

Whereupon Trooper Kernahan made an announcement which had as electrifying an effect upon the Serjeant-Major as upon Sergeant Hall.

"Here's a pretty saucepan of dumplings!" exclaimed Sergeant Hall, when he had digested Kernahan's information. "I don't like to stand in the way of old Kernahan. And Kernahan——"

"Precisely," said the Trooper, lifting a deprecating hand. "The gods guard us against Civil War, now and for ever. Amen."

"In that case," said Sergeant-Major Brighton dramatically, "there is but one way——"

"Are you suggesting a duel?" asked Kernahan, blandly. "Alexander and Deever. Swords for two, and coffee for one, at 6 a.m. outside the Winter Gardens?"

"N-no!" said the Sergeant-Major, with a tinge of regret in his voice. "In these prosaic days we must leave it to this pack of cards here, with which your Sergeant-Major sometimes plays a game of patience (A-hem!). Now, then, Kernahan cuts for Alexander, and Hall for Deever. Ace high, gentlemen, and—*no* side bets, please, Mr. Carteret! You first, Hall."

"I can see a more sporting way out of our difficulty than that," said Kernahan. "When's the next drill night? When's this office 'declared open' again, Sergeant-Major?"

"To-morrow night. Special Morris-tube practice. I shall be down here," the Sergeant-Major replied. "Office open for enlistment at 9 p.m. sharp."

"Then," said Kernahan, "let it be a case of first come first served!"

"My man lives at Southwich, twenty miles away. I warn you, old chap," said Sergeant Hall merrily.

"*My* client is in London," said Kernahan, smiling; "but it's a challenge, all the same. Nine p.m. to-morrow, and first in the office decides it."

"Shake!" said Sergeant Hall. "If the London train's late it misses the connection at Southwich, you know. The odds are in *my* favour, boy."

"Considering all things—the reputation of the branch line and the London line fogs," observed the pessimistic Carteret, "*I'll* take twenty to one about Alexander's chance. It ought to be thirty-threes!"

"This," the Sergeant-Major interposed gravely, "is a place within the meaning of the Act."

II.

Troopers in the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry held themselves "together," perhaps, more than any other Territorial unit, because with them there is no class distinction. They are of one blood, one hope, one tie and purpose. There is no condescension, and the uniform is the ranking.

James Alexander, the friend of Kernahan and Carteret, felt honoured when Kernahan promised to get him into what he naturally believed—and surely it is a right thing to be proud of one's own the world over—to be the premier regiment in the country.

The fact that Jimmy Alexander's name appeared in the National Telephone Co.'s Directory in all the pride of its attached 2979 Gerrard, that he was a rising young man in London, that he lunched with heavy-browed men who looked after certain Interests (and incidentally themselves), were merely the sort of things whose highly-coloured glamour, he himself knew well, would fade into the blue and yellow of the "King's Own" uniform from the moment the oath was taken. And he desired nothing better.

Kernahan knew his man.

"It's got to be done to-night, Jim," he had said concisely, over the telephone to 2979 Gerrard. "Train leaves Liverpool Street 5.30 p.m; arrives Southwich at 8 sharp. You catch the 8.5 branch line connection, and look out for Carteret and me."

"But what time does the train arrive at Brermouth?" James Alexander was nothing if not a demon for detail.

"The train," came the answer of Trooper Kernahan, "arrives 9.5. We happen to know. The other man will catch it at Southwich also. You arrive by the help of the gods and Carteret's high-speed motor at 8.55 sharp at the Brermouth Drill Hall!"

"But, my dear boy, I *can't* see how——"

"Of course not! It's not business with a capital 'B.' We didn't expect you would! Listen hard to this——"

"Yes——"

"Get out at Fareham Cross—it's half-way down the line—and, as I was about to say when you interrupted, look out for Carteret and his motor-car. Carteret says that if he can't beat that ramshackle old puffer over the remaining distance he'll eat his carburettor. Ta, ta!"

"Good-bye."

Thus, when all was explained by Kernaham, Carteret would fain have taken any wager about Mr. Alexander's chance of being converted into Trooper Alexander. Yet he was charitable enough to weep (metaphorically) for the unfortunate Hall, and then proceed to thank heaven that the Yeomanry held such tacticians as Trooper Kernahan, which was "Carteret all over."

"Bar accidents," he said, "the odds are in *our* favour now."

Accidents, however, are things which, as the proverb says, *will* happen. They always happen at the wrong moment, as everyone knows—especially Troopers in Yeomanry regiments.

Ere five o' the clock all Brermouth knew that a goods train had been derailed below Fareham Cross, so that, late or not late, no London passenger would arrive in Brermouth that night.

The Town Hall clock had chimed 5.15 when a reconnoitring Carteret discovered that Trooper Stephen, manager of the Meteor Hotel, was even then harnessing his fastest trotter in the dog-cart, while a be-cloaked Sergeant Hall stood ready to take a seat by his side.

Their purpose was only too plain, and their laughter was loud and long.

"Dished old Kernahan this time!" exclaimed Hall, joyfully. "He'll never credit we're up to this."

Thus, for the second time, Kernahan's penchant for early and precise information had stood him in good stead. His scout returned, full of the news, and in the parental motor-car.

"London train arrives Fareham Cross 8.30," said Kernahan, throwing down the time-table. "We've got loads of time to let them get ahead. I'll give a sovereign for the sight of Hall's face if he twigs us in the motor-car. But, alas! the night is dark. They take their man from Fareham Cross by their trap and the crack trotter. We slither off with *ours* by motor-car. *Now*, what's the betting?"

"Bar accidents," Carteret began.

"You said that before," said Kernahan.

Together they departed to the Meteor, and in the ambush of the big stable-yard doors watched Messrs. Stephen and Half drive out with the chestnut trotter.

"War's declared,' said Trooper Kernahan, feelingly, and proceeded to the nearest pastry cookshop to make an excellent tea. That man fights best on a good inside lining is a fact well known among our best generals.

III.

Fareham Cross, or the village that is blessed with that name, is like many "junctions," merely an inglorious annexe to a railway station that promises better things.

Even the one respectable inn is by no means up to its title of the "Stag and Pheasant Hotel," and one cannot argue at any length with "Daddy Wessells"—mine host who presides over the sandy-floored bar—because that most disobliging of gentlemen is particularly hard of hearing to all things involving trouble to himself.

It was with the utmost difficulty and much money that Messrs. Hall and Stephen persuaded Mr. Wessells to allow them to "put up" their trap for a space while the chestnut was rubbed down and flattered by attentions accorded only to crack trotters, immediately previous to a track race at Portsmouth Park.

There was yet much time to the arrival of the train from Southwich, which was running as far down the line as possible under the regrettable circumstances.

Stephen and Hall saw in this an opportunity to stroll around and take their bearings.

By devious routes Carteret had driven his palpitating car with the hooded eyes that sought the darkness of the lanes. Had he come by the main road it is more than likely that Hall and Stephen would have stumbled upon them, drawn by the curses of Carteret and the laughter of the irrepressible Kernahan.

But it was in a big lane that the long-suffering engine finally gave it up with a protesting, spasmodic kick.

Carteret tinkered about with it for the best part of an hour, bonnet up.

"It's no use," he said, at length. "We're up the bloomin' gum-tree this time, my sportive youth. And of all the blankety adjective idiots, commend me to that alleged repairer at Brermouth. When I come to think of it, I could——"

"*Don't* start again," said Kernahan, from the darkness behind the glaring lamps. "Just thank the stars (that we can't see) that yonder is a farm-house, where for an exorbitant fee the good man will turn his cowshed into a garage temporarily. It's but a matter of pushing now. What's the time?"

"Seven-thirty," said Carteret, gloomily, "and Alexander will turn up at eight-thirty, whacked to the bloomin' wide!"

"My innocent child, we've got an hour," exclaimed Trooper Kernahan, comfortably.

The darkling trees stirred in the cold breeze.

"Yes. Wonder if he'll laugh at us or cuss," said Carteret, as a spirit depressed.

"We'll think about that when the hour's up," said Kernahan. "P'raps we can get some sort of conveyance at the local inn."

"The Stag and Pheasant? Do *you* know Daddy Wessells? I thought *not*. . . . I say, Kernahan."

"Hullo?"

"There are two chances left, in my opinion, of Alexander getting to Brermouth first. One is by surreptitiously annexing Stevie's horse. They're bound to put up at the inn——"

"You can leave that out, my immoral youth. That would be unkind, to say the least of it."

"Leave that out, eh?" Carteret shut down the bonnet. "Well, I'm sorry to hear *that*, because the other chance I was about to mention is the sudden appearance of a Brass Bottle genie from the Vaudeville Theatre or the Regions of the Blessed to transport Alexander to Brermouth. That's all."

"You're a depressing youth, Carteret. Meantime let's get this potato-can into the cowshed."

"Yew busted up?" A voice cut through the velvety dark, and a bearded son of Blankshire appeared silhouetted in the light of a doorway, followed by raw-boned grandsons of Blankshire.

"Yes. Should think we *are!*" said Kernahan cheerfully.

"A fine new car, tew!" the bucolic one observed, and ignominiously the 18-horse power, which was as useless as half a donkey, was housed.

"First tew the right and you'm be nigh the Stag, sir. Good night to ye!"

"Good night. Now then, Carteret"—Kernahan swung into his stride—"cautious does it!"

Ten minutes later a petrol-scented youth was staring through a gash in the red blind of the Stag and Pheasant's bar. His companion had already discovered the chestnut in the stable-yard.

"They've barged off somewhere," said Carteret, returning stealthily to Kernahan. "We might interview Wessells in the bottle and jug department."

They interviewed Mr. Wessells accordingly.

Mr. Wessells, after much shouting, was sorry to say he had no conveyance. Besides . . . this time of the night! . . . And no saddle—not *one* (emphatically). Travellers were a (qualified) nuisance when they made exorbitant demands of this sort. And in the winter-time too! He wished such travellers a *very* good evening!"

"Old brute!" exclaimed Kernahan to Carteret outside.

"Old perverter of the truth!" Carteret added. "There's that four-in-hand that he gets a half guinea per passenger for in the summer for country drives. 'Old style,' &c. 'Revival of old posting days.'"

"Damme, I saw it!" exclaimed Kernahan.

"Stable and coach-house adjoin," observed Carteret, pursuing Kernahan's line of thought.

"It will cost Alexander a tenner to square matters when old Wessells finds out, and a quid to the ostler. Ostler backs horses, you know, so you can bet he's hard up. Besides, I know him!"

"Hold on a shake," said Kernahan. "I've never driven a four-in-hand."

"You owl!" exclaimed Carteret, contemptuously. "Where's your memory? Where's your observation? You're as bad as Hall, and I've got a father and mother you! 'Member the photos in Alexander's office mixed up with the Yeomanry photos? There are at least three of him driving a four-in-hand at a show."

"Why, of course! I'm a blidiot, Carteret. Punch me!"

"Punch you? You ought to be hung!" said Carteret.

James Alexander, however, when he turned up smiling at Fareham Cross and fell into the arms of two seeming highwaymen on the road to the village, was less severe on Trooper Kernahan.

"Pinched the coach to get me to Brermouth in time? All arranged? Square afterwards? Not must when the devil drives! Mind? I don't care if it costs me a hundred! By gad, this *is* sport, and worth every penny of the money."

"You call it sport?" Carteret interposed curiously.

"Yes, why?"

"Oh, nothing. Only the 'King's Own' will its best recruit since Kernahan if we're whacked that's all—and they've got five minutes start of their man. Round the corner, Alexander. Behind the shelter of that hedge we have the subordinate ostler holding the nags' heads. Got 'em easy, pip. The old man's 'ard of 'earing. Ah, good evening, and is everything correct, William?"

"O.K., sir, and if you can get 'em back by mornin' you can square the old 'un (though it be a sinful waste) and sort of tell him afterwards. You gentlemen *are* funny. Thankee, sir, kindly, and *good* night!"

James Alexander, praising the gods for the clear moon that now had risen, took charge of the "ribbons" with confidence born of the knowledge that his skilful handling of a friend's team had not infrequently caught the judge's eye.

"Round here to skirt the inn. Then we're away. Take your orders from me, James, and, stap me, we'll be in Brermouth before 'em yet."

Kernahan buttoned up his coat.

They drove through a narrow but good road cautiously until it opened out on to the broad, moon-lit main road. They passed a yokel at the corner.

"Hi, you! Seen a dog-cart? Three gentlemen?" Carteret shouted.

"Aye! An' hell an' all of a trotter, tew. They were goin' somethin' of a whack."

Alexander at this word touched the leaders.

"Gosh! They're leavin' nothing to chance," said Trooper Kernahan, through chattering teeth.

The ulstered James nodded and sank into the seclusion of his storm collar.

Now it was *driving*, with the wind cutting like the becloaked Yeomen, and Kernahan's lips perched on the high box.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Next week I shall offer to you a double Christmas number.

This is the first double number I have yet produced, but I think it is a good deal above our usual standard.

Anyhow, I trust that it will meet with your approval.

THE EDITOR.

"Let 'em rip!" exclaimed Kernahan, gaily. "Straight road for four miles now, and we aren't likely to meet anything. Thank God we've got a fatherly County Council that sees after the roads, and——"

The wind flung the words back. James Alexander, a gleam in his eye, was "letting 'em rip." He let out the leaders, and, by all the gods of speed, they were moving now!

"Fine cattle—infernally fine!" Alexander shouted above the whistling wind.

Two milestones were passed with great rapidity. With frozen hands Carteret held a watch and timed the first mile.

"[illegible] and a half, with a heavy couch!" he cried. "Kerny, just one little half-crown we whack 'em!"

"No bet, you ass! Hope we shall!"

Above them James Alexander was doing wonderful things with the whip, and ever and anon the "cattle" answered.

"Steady! There's bad going later, and we must catch 'em before Orpingly Bridge. They could hold us in the Narrows. Couldn't pass 'em."

Alexander nodded and held his horses in, sitting back hard. They passed a mile of rough road at little more than a smart trot.

"Now!" said Kernahan.

Flick! Flick! The long lash cracked and sang out in the breeze.

"Georgeous! Beautiful!" cried Kernahan in ecstasy. "By gosh, this man's an artist with the ribbons, Carteret!"

"Ra-ather!" Carteret nipped his friend's knee beneath the rug to signify his assent.

Kernahan—the dark trees were flying past them—peered into the beyond anxiously.

"No sign!" he half groaned, and it's only a half-mile to the bridge. They *must* beat us in the run-in after the Narrows!"

"Not likely!" from Alexander. They turned a sharp corner, and Kernahan caught the ghost of a tight-lipped smile on the face of the driver.

The little bridge showed, a rise in the road, in the green-lit distance.

"There they are!" Carteret sang out. "Going over the bridge! Look! On the skyline!"

"Then we're done!" said Kernahan.

"Done be damned!" Alexander's words rang out clear above the rumble of the coach wheels on the road.

The long lash cracked.

"They've a half-mile start in a mile. It's useless!" said Trooper Kernahan.

"Rot!" Alexander was the man paramount indeed now!

The team galloped on. A swaying bump, and they were over the little streamlet's bridge, clattering over stones. Gradually, as the road narrowed, they drew nearer the dog-cart and the gallant trotter.

A recklessness had seized Kernahan.

"We'll play fair, by gosh!" he cried, and, seizing the posting horn, he gave the call of the Barcelonas.

"Now, if we catch 'em before the Narrows, we've played the game!" he said.

The team dashed on with Alexander, a silhouette of determined Purpose against the moon.

They were gaining.

"It's now or never!"

The overhanging trees of the Narrows loomed near.

Alexander touched the team up into one last effort.

"Gad, we'll collide for sure!" exclaimed Carteret, fearfully.

The leaders were abreast of the dog-cart's wheels . . . passed . . . and now the strain. . . .

"Clear, by George!" cried Kernahan, as they shot into the dark just in the nick of time.

It was Carteret who, standing up, yelled to Sergeant Hall:

"A—thousand—to—three—bar—Alexander!"

Which, as Sergeant Hall remarked some minutes later in the office at the Brermouth Drill Hall, was "under the odds by points and points."

BOXING FOULS

SOME LITTLE-KNOWN TRICKS OF THE PROFESSIONAL FIGHTING MAN.

In the brilliantly lighted, but close-smelling, hall, a fierce murmur, low at first, but growing in intensity, runs round the serried mass of men grouped about the roped and staked arena in the centre, where two men, with naked skins and laboured breathing, batter each other's bruised and bleeding bodies.

"A-a-a-a-ah!"

It is a foul stroke, and these men are not slow to make it known that they have noticed it; for, rough and even brutal as the majority of them may seem, they are sportsmen to the core, and when they pay to see a fight they want to see it fought fair.

SOME FOLKS SAY—

At a recent important fight in London the favourite won; but it is whispered among those who know that had there been another referee, or, we might perhaps say, had the referee noticed one or two blows dealt by the winner, the famous contest would have had a different result—for the reason that those blows were foul!

It is a strange fact that wherever professionalism enters extensively into a sport a certain type of clever "pro." is sure to spring up—"pro.'s" who have invented dodges by which the much-wished-for end—namely, a win—may be achieved more easily than by means of strictly legitimate tactics.

This is especially the case in the boxing world; and although nothing but the shortest shrift is dealt out to those who are detected in foul play, such misdemeanants contrive in many cases to win a good many big fights before, perhaps, a referee manages definitely to prefer a charge of foul tactics against them.

To those of our readers who are interested in and have a knowledge of boxing—and I venture to presume that they are in a heavy majority—the following "foul" or "doubtful" dodges, enumerated to me by a noted military boxing champion, may provide instructive reading.

THE TREACHEROUS SHAKE.

If a clever professional is taking on a novice, he will possibly attempt one of his wily strokes at even the outset of the fight, and will give what is known as the "treacherous shake."

That is, he will stretch out his right hand, to shake hands as usual before starting, and will left foot foremost, left hand extended. But he will do this so quickly, and with such a vigorous jump sideways, that his left leg will collide sharply with his adversary's right, and put him momentarily off his balance. Then it is the easiest possible thing to administer a knock-out blow.

The "pivot blow" is another trick which is a favourite with shady professionals, but which would result in disqualification if the referee noticed it. It is the first cousin to the "back swing," which is another doubtful stroke.

The "pivot blow" is used thus: If a man lunges out—or "leads," to use the correct term—with his left, and misses his adversary, he then, if he is unscrupulous, slightly lifts and extends his right or "guarding" arm towards the right, and swings round sharply on his heel in the same direction. He generally manages to bowl his adversary over, if he does the trick cleverly, and then a hard blow, quickly planted, is enough to win the bout.

The "back-swing" is used with the right hand when a man has missed a "cross-counter" or "right-hook." He then—only, mark you, if he is a crook—brings his right quickly back sideways, striking his adversary on the temple with stunning force.

One of the most important rules in boxing is that you must keep your fists closed. Any referee, if he has to caution a man more than twice at most, will disqualify him for a breach of this rule. The reason of this is that if you open your hand to strike your adversary he loses the protection of the padding of the glove.

UNSPORTSMANLIKE TACTICS.

A favourite foul blow, which is almost equivalent to a blow with a bare fist, is a hit with the open hand below the wrist, which is particularly powerful, because boxing-gloves are not padded there at all.

A well-known light-weight pugilist, who must, of course, be nameless, is very strongly suspected of having purposely forced his thumb into his adversary's eye on more than one occasion. This, of course, would be impossible with a closed fist.

"Boring with the head" is another foul blow, and though a good many readers have heard of it, I dare say that few know what it really is. It is used in "in-fighting," and the head is pressed well down and against your adversary's body. You can readily imagine that he can do very little to you when you are so close to him, and you can "jab" him in the stomach with both fists to your heart's content.

Suppose you are fighting a "clever" pro., and you "side-step" at one of his lunges—be very careful, or he may bring the "elbow-hit" into play. This is to "hack" you hard in the ribs with his elbow, as you step aside and he lunges past you.

A DASTARDLY BLOW.

"Chopping at the kidneys" is a term suggestive of the butcher's trade; and certainly it is a very dangerous and doubtful hit. One well-known pugilist is known to have a lump on his kidneys as big as a man's fist, as a result of it. It is performed by "chopping" down, as with a hatchet, at your adversary's kidneys, with the underneath part of the right hand, where the glove is very thinly padded. If you deftly interpose your body between your adversary and the referee, you can do this over and over again without the latter official noticing it.

Finally, here is a device by which unscrupulous pugilists gain breathing time when they are "winded."

They "spar" gingerly round for a minute or two, while their adversary watches their exhausted movements with a confident eye. Then, suddenly, and with the softest action, they simply flick one of his eyes with an upward and downward movement—as quick as a flash of lightning—and thus push his eyelashes inwards.

In any case, this discomfort is bound to afford the wily one a breather, and often the poor fellow's pain is so intense that it is as simple as child's play to administer a knock-out blow.

In the football world, refereeing has been reduced to a fine art, and in these days it is difficult for a player to work on the crook without being detected. Would that it were the same in boxing!

I do not suggest for one moment that the referees at boxing contests are intentionally careless, but I do think that they are not sufficiently cognisant of the trickery that is constantly being attempted.

Let them study the matter, and lay my comments to heart. The sport of boxing will be the better for their close attention.

J. S. Cox.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER

XLI.

THE VILLAGE RIFLE CLUB.

Since the days of the South African War England has to some extent begun to realise the importance of straight shooting in modern warfare, and the village that has not its rifle club is far behind the times.

It is here in the country that are the men who have something to defend, whose homes are their own, maybe, and who feel a local patriotism that cannot exist in the densely-populated towns. They have a stake in the country in a very real sense, and at last they have awoke to the need for learning how to defend it.

Perhaps it is only a miniature range that the village club boasts, but it is yet in nine cases out of ten an open-air one, and weather and climate are things of little account to the hardy countryman.

But it is not only martial ardour that inspires the village rifle club. The countryman has found that there is some very fine sport to be got out of rifle-shooting—sport that is cheap and can be indulged in all the year round, and that brings him into contact with his fellow-men and relieves the possible dulness of a Saturday afternoon.

ROUGH AND READY.

He will take his place upon the firing-point with the thermometer below freezing, and sprawling, as often as not, in a position that would make an Instructor of Musketry turn pale, he puts on bull after bull with a steady aim and cool self-confidence that show the born marksman. And after all, when it comes to the real thing, what does style matter as long as the bullet gets there?

There is a keenness over the League match with a neighbouring village that you will not find on many a big, well-equipped range. Each man goes down to fire with a grim determination not to disgrace his club, and takes the inevitable bits of bad luck—the inners that just don't cut the bull, the low shots that *must* have been due to a bad cartridge—with an equanimity and sportsmanship that you may look for in vain at Bisley.

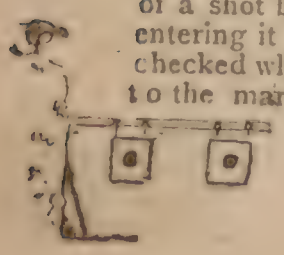
The rival squires are there, as keenly interested as any of the team. Each has ridden over to see the club of which he is president beat its opponent, and Sir John has some ten miles to ride back in the gathering darkness after the match is over and he has partaken of the cup that cheers at the Hall.

THE PRESIDENT.

He is no mere figure-head where the rifle club is concerned. He dives deep into his pocket when its finances are at a low ebb, and if the team is short of a man he will step into the breach and will make a score that shows him to know something of deadlier weapons than a shot-gun.

The men who have fired or whose turn is yet to come cluster round the firing-point and offer gratuitous advice and good-natured banter to those who are now upon the mat.

In the primitive grass-covered butt sit the markers, their eyes glued upon the targets, now drawing them in to make quite sure of the value of a shot before signalling it on the dummy and entering it on the register that will be so eagerly checked when the cardboard target is handed over to the marksman who is now engaged in putting the tiny lead bullets through it.



Only an occasional flourish with extra vigour of the red flag that signifies a miss shows the sympathies of the man in the butt, or an unusual alacrity in showing the white disc that tells of an indubitable bull's-eye for his side.

And then, when the last shot is fired and the result celebrated with cheers from winners and losers alike, the rival teams adjourn to the local inn, where the inner man is refreshed and, maybe, an impromptu "smoker" held before the visitors return homewards in the antiquated wagonette, having done more for their country than they know of, for the time will come when every man that knows how to handle a rifle will be a more precious asset to Britain than all her thinkers and her politicians.

THE RED-LETTER DAY.

But the great day of the village rifle club is the annual prize meeting. It is Bank Holiday, and every man in the village puts in an appearance on the range at some time during the day.

And the prizes are worth struggling for, though they are a mixed collection, from the silver cup presented by the squire, who is among the first on the range, and the spoons given by the National Rifle Association, to the groceries and bottles of whisky, and so on, offered by the local tradesmen.

Everyone is in deadly earnest, for there is more at stake than the magnificent array of prizes. The names of the winners will appear next week in the local newspaper.

Even the rector comes and has a shot. And great is the amusement in the village when on the publication of the prize list he is found to have won the bottle of whisky.

But perhaps that hard-worked individual the club secretary has a sense of humour. Who knows? He has many fine qualities, and that may well be one.

A. H. MAUDE.

A GLANCE IN THE GLASS.

A man does not care to spend much time looking at himself in the mirror, but he must have a glance in the glass occasionally if he is going to keep his appearance trim.

And a glance is quite sufficient if you know what to look for.

The first thing is to observe whether the parting of your hair is even. If it is not, a rub with your hand will put matters sufficiently right, if a brush and comb are not handy.

The next thing to look for is specks of mud on your cheeks or on your collar.

In winter you are likely to get splashed occasionally, and a man with a spot of mud on his face is not a pleasing picture.

If the mud happen to be on your collar, you can rub it off with the wet end of a towel. This will remove the gloss on that particular part of the collar, but even that is better than preserving the gloss and also the bit of dirt.

Have a squint at the corners of your eyes. In this cold weather there may be a speck for you to remove.

When you look in the mirror, observe also whether your tie is sitting straight, and see that the collar of your shirt, if you happen to be wearing a soft one, has not worked its way out from beneath your linen collar.

SECOND-HAND CYCLE BUYING.

SOME HINTS FOR THE INEXPERIENCED

This being the off season for cycling—the time when would-be cyclists can obtain mounts cheap, owing to the fact that old cyclists are disposing of their last season's machines, and gentry of which I am about to speak are selling their stock—a word of warning and advice to the novice thinking of purchasing a mount should be useful.

The newspaper is the chief medium, and we take it first. The novice gets hold of a paper, reads down the "Cycle Column," and comes across advertisements similar to these: "A lady going abroad must dispose of his cycle"; "A lady through death of her husband will sacrifice his new machine—unridden."

The above to the uninitiated seem to be plausible enough and the open door to a bargain, and judging from the wording, almost any price would be acceptable. The old hand, however, knows that these emigrants, or the majority of them, are non-starters, and the widow often loses a husband.

These people are simply agents for shoddy machines. Go and see one of them, and he will show you a machine resplendent in plating and enamel with tyres a little soiled—it has been pushed through the mud in the back-yard. Perhaps they will possess a gaudy transfer or two, but if the cycle be examined, no maker's name would be found. Of course, there are some which are genuine, but on the whole advertisements worded similar to those I quote are best avoided.

Now for the auctioneer. For a week or more previous to the sale hoardings will be plastered with bills to the effect that "A large stock of second-hand cycles will be sold."

The sale-rooms are visited. The auctioneer knows about as much as the novice does about cycles, but he makes good use of the expressions "free-wheel," "rim brake," and "Coventry-made."

A monologue similar to the following takes place: "Here y'are, gents, a handsome Coventry made—none o' yer Brummagem gas-pipes—free-wheel, gents. Show 'em the free-wheel, Bob" (this to his handy-man). Bob proceeds to turn the cranks round. "Show 'em the brake." Bob jams down the brake with a force that almost bends the lever, thus locking the wheel. He just pushes the cycle a little, but of course it can't budge. "There y'are gents, hold ye don't house-side." The brake may hold, but as for tyres and the ironmongery—well, my advice is leave these auctioneers severely alone.

Now for the general dealer. Outside a dirty shop amongst other second-hand stuff, coal and so on, stands a noble crock, a tarry coat of enamel hiding its little weaknesses—you know enamel covers a multitude of sins.

An experienced cyclist can tell at a glance that its age is about fifteen years. Along comes a young fellow with a sovereign to speculate.

The proprietor sidles to the young man's side and asks him if he is open for a bargain. The broker then seizes the machine, thumps on the saddle, flicks the tubes, and rings the bell (a penny for threepence), and spins the cranks round. The back wheel is a little out of the true, but that is a minor fault.

He then orates, "Now, me young feller, what do ye think of 'er, eh? Fine machine, Coventry? Yes, sir; a bell, too, sir, all complete. Larst yer a lifetime. No; I don't want a new 'er—not 'arf. No; thirty bob is me figure."

After about an hour's haggling, the young chap becomes the proud possessor for 18s.

We wonder how much longer the frame, wheels, to say nothing of details, will hold together.

Well, the novice will say, "If all these places are frauds, where am I to obtain a second-hand cycle," and my advice is—in the first place don't look for such great bargains; be prepared to pay three or four pounds for a good model of, say, a year old. Consult the cycling and sporting press, THE MODERN MAN, for instance. Look for a machine with a name, and a good one, too. You wouldn't buy a dog without a pedigree. Why buy a cycle without one, either. J. GERRARD.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Little Death Dance.

By G. SAINSBURY.

It was Fordingham of the World Generally who told me about the Little Death Dance.

It was Fordingham, in fact, who rattled it out on the mellow Brinsmead in the dining-room of a certain *pension*, which is entirely cosmopolitan.

Now Fordingham plays with expression. He has done it for a bite and a drink in out-of-the-way places. It is his natural aptitude for picking up melodies, and playing them with the little tricky parts exquisitely marked, which makes everyone say, "*Thank* you!" when Fordingham finishes. He knows they mean it, and looks pleased, for dear to the heart of the artiste is the praise of the audience.

I happened to be Fordingham's only audience in the early twilight of that winter day when he played the Little Death Dance, and he was unconscious even of my presence.

I said "Thank you, old chap," very feelingly when he had done.

I had even let my old briar go out, because one really cannot smoke and listen to the Little Death Dance at one and the same time.

"Encore, Fordingham!" I said.

He had banged down the lid, and jumped up suddenly at the sound of my voice.

He crossed to the fireside, and regarded me curiously for a moment.

Then he lit a cigarette.

"I'm sorry," he said; "I didn't know you were in the room, or I wouldn't have played the accursed thing. But the tune's got hold of me. I can't forget it!"

His cigarette glowed intermittently, and I noticed that his eyes were fixed staring—noticed that they gazed beyond the grey of the old London square.

"Encore, you said?" he remarked. "Well, you can hear it again if it pleases you."

He seemed to have drifted into a reverie.

"Er—sit down in the arm-chair," he said at length, "and don't think about anything else. There's nothing like a truly sympathetic audience. Any broken-down musician will tell you that. It helps. Besides, the very best things, you know, are told on the half-darkened stage with the orchestra indulging in a little incidental music. Now—one moment."

He crossed the room and closed the three-inch-open windows to shut out the traffic noise.

He sat down at the piano and turned to me. The flicker of the fire lit up his face.

"The Little Death Dance," he said—just as Mr. Fragson announces "Whispers of Love."

Now the Little Death Dance takes hold of you from the opening bars. It steals on you impishly; you feel that a thousand little devils are beating the air around you in time to the music. You know that the atmosphere is full of them. It is a sort of light prancing march here, with that weird, insistent undercurrent which characterises the whole dance, but in the opening phase you know that it is simply spritely and that the evil to come is merely hinted at. . . .

Fordingham was looking at me as he played these opening bars, and I felt half-ashamed, because I knew I was smiling at it all. The tune tickled me immensely. There was something fiendishly funny about it, and it made me laugh—quite ruthlessly, mind you—but it grew on me gradually, just as a little thing of evil grows on a man's mind.

The room became darker as the twilight deepened outside in the square.

The Little Death Dance's introduction was dying away diminuendo. I could only see the white of the piano keys now, with Fordingham's fingers just obscuring a few now and then. His form was shadowy and uncertain, blurred in the dark of the room. The fire's leaping gleam had died down to a red glow. . . .

Fordingham was speaking while, in waltz time, and very softly, he went on with the theme of the piece.

"And this is the part," he was saying vaguely, "where old Allatinkum—his name sounded something like that in English—started to sway about in front of the Emir's army like a snake with a bad pain, and the poor devils with anything on their consciences turned a sort of blue under their jet-black skins. So that picking out the sacrifices, you see, was far easier than picking out winners from your morning newspaper.

"Worst of it all, *I* was the Emir's Musician-in-Waiting, with a grass-thatched mud hut, alleged grub, and perks to boot.

"Does this tinkling with the soft pedal down worry you? It helps me a bit to remember.

"You see, it was the little instincts I possess that did it.

"First of all, there was the commercial instinct. Then my acute ear for music. Then my horrible aptitude for polishing up cake-walks into semi-classical compositions by altering the time and bringing out the most telling parts effectively. They all worked in.

"Ever seen a seven-octave cottage pianoforte turned out especially for sale, use, or abuse, in the tropics? They keep all suggestion of gum out of the wood, and rivet the ivories of the keys down, so that you might think on sight that the instrument was meant for a blind man to play upon. Closer inspection, however, reveals the fact that the rivets are flush with the keys.

"Lord only knows how it came there, but I found a Collard and Collard, as described, at Carolina Joe's, which is as hellish a little beer-shanty as you'll find in the round-the-corner holes by Lagos. Moreover—again Lord only knows where it came from, but sometimes traders soaked themselves with the drink, and died out in the sun—there was a pianola that could be fixed on all complete, with no end of pretty tunes from Old England, tunes that brought you back to the Pav. and Piccadilly, and made you envy the lucky devils who were doing a 'grillers' at the Troc. or somewhere in the West-End.

"Well, I am not, by nature, conceited, but I *may* say that when I sat down to tinker out a few of the goey things one evening, it fairly brought the house down. Fragson's receptions at the old Tivoli or at Drury Lane pantomime were about on a par with it, if you want a speaking parallel.

"I gave 'em 'The Bandbox Girl' and 'Oh, I Say!' and all those. Now, unfortunately, the enthusiasm of a certain class of Englishman abroad is not a thing to be admired. They judge your friendliness by the amount of liquid you can swallow at their expense at one sitting, the result being, on this occasion, that one gentleman went so far as to see whether a diet of whisky-and-soda and tinned beef sandwiches would improve the Collard and Collard.

"When, at the earnest request of the landlord, I switched on 'God Save the King' to wind up the merry party—marvellous thing is habit—they went out as docile as musical critics after a concert party, and I discovered that one note in four sounded.

"So I told the landlord his piano was ruined, and the landlord said, 'Thank God,' because it appeared that the talent Lagos way consisted of one-finger players or vacillating vampers who didn't know when to change.

"Now, I was new to the country, and, being a man of ideas—hare-brained ideas, mind you—I thought that a piano might strike the savages in the villages beyond the civilisation border in Southern Nigeria all of a heap.

"Worst of it was I was mixin' up that chap Ballantyne too much with my general scheme, and I sort of half reckoned things were likely to work out like his and other books. *You* know the sort of thing I mean—ruby eyes out of idols, cart-loads of ivory, and all that sort of thing, in exchange for the piano. Savvy?

"(Don't be alarmed if this part of the Little Death Dance is a bit *ultra-mysterioso*, as the musicians term it. Sounds like the incidental music in the green limelight scenes in a good old melodrama, doesn't it? . . . But it helps me to remember.)

"Therefore, to continue with the yarn, I made that landlord a very low offer for the piano and pianola attachment complete, knowing full well that if he hadn't come by it dishonestly then one might expect to hear the real truth from the natives, and they are Ananiases by pure nature. You see, me being a sort of handy man, I reckoned that I could soon tune that Collard and Collard up all right.

"I bought it for a mere song at the finish, tuned it up equal to new, and, shippin' it with my general effects up the River Niger, I went on my lawful business, which was connected with the erection of Government buildings.

"Then came my leave. In Nigeria you work six months and get six months' leave. I happened to be made of cast iron, and unhappily I knew it, so I reckoned I could do with that time, or part of it, right in the swamps—into the savage parts thereof, you know.

"So, leaving civilisation at Onachita, I took the trail across the wild country that leads you finally to Lagos if you keep the line as the crow is supposed to fly.

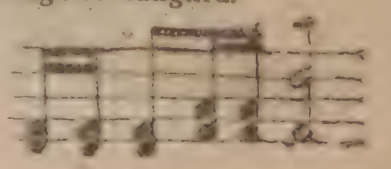
"I had a half-dozen Gwani 'boys' as bearers. They wanted keeping to their job, *I* can tell you, but the whites have a way with natives in Nigeria, and it isn't giving them flannel waistcoats, either! By dint of judicious banging, I managed to keep the brutes at it carrying the case, frame, and pianola parts of the Collard and Collard through the Bush.

"Finally, everything happened as I expected. We came to a clearing whereon a village was rigged up, and after we'd managed to dodge a few little devilish darts thrown at us with an aim that would have disgraced a Territorial recruit, an old chap with frizzy white hair—I got to know him as Allatinkum afterwards—came up and made peace overtures.

"I hadn't been plunging blindly in the dark. I'd made for, and fetched up with, the wealthiest little village in all the savage part of Southern Nigeria.

"Now, the natives of Nigeria, as everyone will tell you who really knows, are extra keen on music. There's not a village that hasn't got its native band with tom-toms going all day and half the night, and flutes like the pipes of Pan twitterin' as musical as you please, even if the theme (like the minor just here) *is* a bit ghoulish and weird when played by moonlight. It's all worked on a variation of five natural notes with their sharps and flats precisely as on a piano. (*That*, you may have noticed, is the range of this Little Death Dance.)

"Now, regarding their native operatic tastes, I had some foreknowledge, which, as the proverb says, is as good as being fore-armed. I swanked a bit with the Emir, and I wept over old Allatinkum, who was the High Priest of this little village of Lungaru. There was the usual inter-



change of compliments and presents *à la* R. M. Ballantyne—then business began.

"I fairly made up to old Allatinkum, who was sort of Master of the Ceremonies, rigged up the Collard and Collard, and gave him a sort of soft-pedal rehearsal in the little guest hut.

"The old chap was delighted. You should have seen him waving his arms and humming, like a violin with the pip, when I obliged with 'The Spring Song.' I intimated to him that I could play anything he liked.

"Outside, the village Tzigane band was obliging with a weird howl that resembled a tune. I listened—caught the theme—and after polishing it up in my usual style, I reeled it off *con molto expressione*—with much expression.

"The old gentleman went away pondering on this, and the next evening he produced the local star performer, who started twitterin' out something to me on his Pan-pipes.

"I listened for a moment to this crude stuff, and then—it was my artistic and *not* my commercial instinct that fastened on to it—I recognised in this little dance tune that here were the makings of a *magnum opus*—something very extra. The aforesaid star performer started on the trio right off.

"(This part. It fairly *makes* the Little Death Dance! Listen to *that!* It might be Saint-Saëns at his very best—that wailing, appealing theme.)

"Of course, the real cream of the melody was lost on those pipes. I got him to play it over twice, and when I'd caught the air *I* obliged with *my* interpretation of it!

"Old Allatinkum stood listening like a penniless violinist with a soul and nothing to eat. Then he gabbled out something which I took to mean 'Very good indeed—thank you!' and he called in the Tzigane band in force with a request to me for an encore.

"Once again I drew out the soul of the piece upon that Collard and Collard. The effect was unexpected. With horrible gestures he gave the Tzigane band the bird, or in other words the sack. Next day I found myself installed Musician-in-Waiting to His Eminence the Emir of Lungaru—which was a sight more than I had bargained for.

"Old Allatinkum kept me at it practising up the Little Death Dance, and one day, in the burning sunlight in front of the Emir's palatial mud house, they set up the piano on a platform, for all the world as if I represented the society entertainer at an English garden party.

"The whole bloomin' village was gathered on that clearing, sitting down on their haunches like so many Zulus. Allatinkum digged me in the ribs, signifying that I was to begin; and Allatinkum was got up to kill that day (metaphorically *and* literally, as I afterwards discovered!) in a beautiful head-dress and all sorts of colours.

I launched into the opening bars of this weird Dance, and everyone started giggling—impressionable people, those Nigerian natives—but somehow the introduction (it repeats here; listen to it) makes one smile, like the intro. to a cakewalk.

"Allatinkum was grinning, to correspond, all over his wicked old face. Then it changed into waltz time . . . and then Allatinkum started getting to work, selecting sacrifices for the local Mumbo-Jumbo.

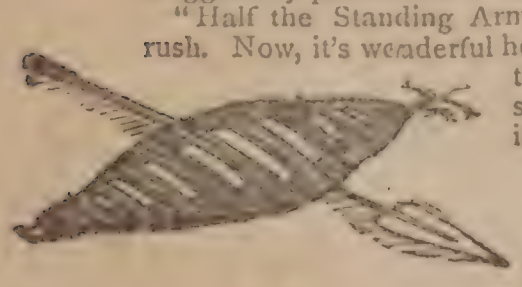
"I didn't savvy what he was on. He had picked out about twenty shivering, poor devils before I tumbled. Then this amateur Paderewski chucked it instantaneous. I thought it was a sort of gala. It turned out to be the annual sacrificial day!

"You should have seen the Emir's face! Allatinkum's was too awful to mention.

"'You blackguards!' I said in good English.' 'You bloodthirsty devils! You blitherin' blighters!' —and so on.

"Of course, they didn't know English, but they twigged my position in the debate very readily.

"Half the Standing Army came at me with a rush. Now, it's wonderful how you think of things to get you out of scrapes in emergency, isn't it?"



"*I* thought of the pianola attachment quick as a streak of lightning.

"I held up my hand and ran my fingers up and down the keys of the Collard and Collard twice to show 'em I meant business.

"Then, very stately indeed, I marched to be guest hut and produced the pianola attachment.

"Touching two blacks on the shoulder, I haughtily commanded them to bear it very reverently to the platform.

"I fixed the affair pretty smart, because I knew my life depended on the success of the scheme.

"Then, after passing my hands over it like a mesmerist, I started the thing into action and stood clear of the keyboard.

"The effect was magical. The strains of a then popular song in England, 'Whistling Rufus,' broke on the sultry air:

'Down in the South where the sly ole 'possum
Hides in the sycamore tree.'

"The Standing Army, the Emir, and the village idiots with one accord fell flat on their faces. Only old Allatinkum remained standing, wearing the knowledgeable grin of a brother swanker.

"I let 'em have it three times over, and followed it up with the 'Soldiers in the Park,' at the conclusion of which they all wanted to go up and bow to the piano, and burn the local Mumbo-Jumbo—reckonin' him as a sort of false god.

"Promptly I made it as clear as possible to Allatinkum that providing he guaranteed my exit with safety and a whole skin from the bloodthirsty borders of Lungaru, he was on the piano, the pianola, and the way of workin' it, all complete, to nothin'. He took the odds, and he's more powerful, by reason of that, than anyone in Lungaru at this minute.

"So to-day, my boy, there is no Little Death Dance in Lungaru, but the annual feast is conducted to the strains of 'Whistling Rufus' and 'Won't you come home, Bill Bailey?' Both having been murdered in England, are now assisting at the annual sacrifice of niggers in Lungaru, Southern Nigeria. When you come to think of it, it is merely the Mosaic justice after all!"

ASH TRAYS.

If there is one comfort more than another that a man appreciates when visiting a friend's house, it is to have an ash tray somewhere handy into which he can break off the ash from his cigarette.

Some men are in the habit of neglecting such a provision, greatly to the discomfort of those smokers who call upon them.

The careless host is in the habit of flicking his own cigarette ash into the fire, or possibly into the yawning gulf between the ornamental and the real pot of the fern on the table, but this is a thing that the visitor scarcely likes to do.

The cheap, ordinary safety matches may be left about anywhere without danger of their becoming ignited, and if your visitors are smokers, it is just as well to have a box or two in the room.

They need not necessarily be attached to the ash tray, although some very neat ash trays are sold with a match box fixture as part of them.

Match stands hung on the wall are both handy and ornamental, and they can readily be made at home, either by yourself, if you happen to be keen on fretwork or carving, or by your best girl, if she is handy with her needle.

Here is an idea for her, if you care to pass it on, with a hint that you would like its fulfilment by way of a Christmas present. It need not cost her anything except the time she spends upon it.

The idea is to have a sheet of cardboard covered with cloth. On this a design is stitched, representing in silhouette form the roofs and chimney-pots of houses, and in the foreground there are gummed on two pieces of black cloth, representing the backs of cats, one large and the other small, both with nice wiggly tails.

On the back of the larger cat is fixed a piece of black emery paper, on which matches can be struck; the smaller cat is quite smooth. Underneath are the words, "Don't scratch me; scratch mother."

LIARS

A REVIEW OF MANKIND GENERA

It was that not altogether truthful [illegible] David who was responsible for the state[illegible] all men are liars.

As I have not the acquaintance of all me[illegible] am unable to corroborate it, but he is probab[illegible] not far wrong.

There are, however, liars and liars. Unpl[illegible] as is the reward promised in the Scriptures [illegible] liars, I am not quite convinced that it will [illegible] meted out to all men, liars though they be. [illegible] would be a monotony of procedure that we[illegible] bore the devil himself.

Degrees of liars vary as much as degrees of [illegible] thermometer.

There is the cold, deliberate liar, the temper[illegible] liar, the heated liar; there are also romantic l[illegible] paltry liars, and heroic liars.

The cold, deliberate liar is the conscie[illegible] individual who allows no scruples to stand be[illegible] him and the acquisition of the things he [illegible] If he is a politician, it is more correct to speak [illegible] him as a frigid and calculated liar. This [illegible] would, if challenged, use for themselves [illegible] descriptive-of-nothing word, diplomatic.

The temperate liar is more often the one [illegible] does not make definite lying assertions, but all[illegible] false notions to gain credence by the adroit use [illegible] silence or innuendo. This one is tempe[illegible] because a lie of that kind seldom needs a se[illegible] two more to bolster it up. Besides, it inv[illegible] little risk for the circulator.

Some lies, you know, are dangerous. They [illegible] attended with unhappy consequences. The [illegible] who 'phones his wife that he will be engaged [illegible] with office details, and then, in the company [illegible] his typist, sees her at the next table in [illegible] restaurant, dining with a bachelor neigh[illegible] realises this.

The example also suggests that lying is [illegible] tious. Liars encourage liars. It is a most diffi[illegible] thing to be truthful in the presence of a tr[illegible] inverter. It is something like trying to con[illegible] a conversation with a man standing on his [illegible]

The heated liar is nothing near so hot as [illegible] pretends to be. Oh, dear no! He would [illegible] you think that he is afire with honest indign[illegible] That you should even *dare* to think he [illegible] capable of saying so-and-so, or doing such [illegible] such a thing, excites him to burning an[illegible]

But a little application of the cold [illegible] derision, and he fizzes with confusion.

More often than not, however, the heated [illegible] succeeds in his intention. You are convinc[illegible] that he is right and that you are deeply to bl[illegible] for ever having doubted his veracity.

Romantic liars are the most entertaining [illegible] and paltry liars the most dull.

Paltry liars tell you they get two pounds a w[illegible] when they only get thirty bob; paltry liars [illegible] had "a regular devil of a time in town last [illegible] doncherknow"; paltry liars never believe ba[illegible] anybody, but they are particular to relate the l[illegible] that they don't believe first.

Romantic liars belong to the same breed, [illegible] they are more developed, more thorough. "[illegible] Bill Adams won the Battle of Waterloo" is a g[illegible] specimen of romantic lying.

They are artists, this sort. They paint [illegible] commonplace in striking hues, and they do [illegible] little harm except to their reputation for ser[illegible] The only people that romantic liars deceive [illegible] themselves.

As for heroic liars, they are splendid defend[illegible] of the honour of women. It is a peculiar [illegible] that few men imagine they can be heroic [illegible] any other way. Ask them if it is right [illegible] have heard about dashing Mrs. D., and at [illegible] you see the bright gleam of conscious not[illegible] light their eyes. They not only deny it, but [illegible] accuse the circulator of the story of mean [illegible] base cowardice. The next day you probably [illegible] that the heroic liar was the cause of Mrs. D.'s [illegible] discretion himself.

All men are ——. But it's an ugly word.

A. G. STO[illegible]

GETTING PHOTOGRAPHED

SOME TIPS ON THE ORDEAL.

When I am going to the photographer's I always feel very much the same as I do when I am on my way to pay a visit to the dentist. Indeed, the desire and the necessity for having my features perpetuated by means of his art seems to perish in just the same fashion as does the [illegible] that drove me to seek the dental [illegible].

There is a great art in getting photographed. Some people always "take well"—the phrase seems unpleasantly reminiscent of yet another form of torture, known as vaccination—others again have never had a photo taken that was even a tolerable likeness.

If they do not put it down to the utter incapacity of the photographer, these people usually talk of their inability to secure a good photograph of themselves as a sort of affliction with which they were saddled at birth and which they must bear with what fortitude they may until their dying day.

As a matter of fact, it is usually their own fault, and, as often as not, the trouble is that they are totally unable to look natural when anyone is looking at them—and they treat the camera as they would another person.

They will carefully pose for the photograph, and attempt, in the words of the old-fashioned photographer, to look pleasant. The result is usually such an appalling grin or sardonic smirk that no photographer who knows his business would think of making such a request.

But although it is as fatal to pose when one wants to impress the camera as it is with a fellow-man, yet one wants to make the most of oneself and appear to advantage.

THE BAD SIDE AND THE GOOD.

Almost everybody has a "bad side" to their face, which is much less attractive than the other, for no man's face is perfectly symmetrical. And it is natural that you should know which side this is better than the photographer, who does not submit your physiognomy to a searching examination from all points of view before he poses you, but probably plants you in one of his stock positions straight away, so as to get the job over as quickly as possible.

If you are being taken, therefore, in profile or three-quarter face, you must insist on having the "good side" towards the camera.

If you intend to have a full-length, or three-quarter-length, photo taken, you should place yourself in what is to you as natural a position as possible, but you must allow the photographer to alter your pose in detail, for you cannot see yourself as others see you, and his experience can be of the greatest use here.

It is advisable also to have a say in the matter of the background and "properties" that are to be used.

Keep clear of the "stone" balustrades and similar fakes which form part of the fittings of every studio; if you cannot stand alone, an ordinary table or chair should be enough.

INAPPROPRIATE BACKGROUNDS.

If a painted background is to be used, and the photograph is not to be vignetted, see that it is in keeping with the attire you are wearing. If you are wearing a cap and a heavy winter overcoat—and this is an excellent way of being taken, and sufficiently unusual to be interesting—do not allow the man to set you in front of a background representing spacious marble halls or a summer landscape with the trees in full leaf.

If you want to be taken in any form of sporting toggery, be very careful that the background is not an interior—preferably get taken out of doors or have the photograph vignetted.

It is often difficult to get taken out of doors, especially at this time of year, when the hours of daylight are so short, but the results are better for the sportsman.

A snapshot usually produces the best effect, for it is always more natural, and if you have a print of one taken of you by a friend, you cannot do better than take it to a photographer and have it enlarged and touched up. You will often get a better result than if you went through all the unpleasant process of posing and "looking pleasant" in the studio.

The question of what clothes you should wear when you are about to be photographed, if you intend to have it done in ordinary "mufti," is one of some importance.

WHAT TO WEAR.

It is best to avoid all pronounced colours. Red and yellow will come out black; blue, even of a dark shade, will come out almost white, and black and white are practically the only colours that can be trusted to have the same value in the picture as on your person.

The tie should preferably be one without a pattern, and the collar should be the best-fitting one you possess, and of the kind you habitually wear.

If you are wise, you will bargain to pay only for the proofs in the event of their not being to your satisfaction, and you will be taken in two positions in the first instance.

There could be no better time to get some new photographs taken than the present, for they form a substitute for Christmas cards or presents that is most welcome and much more sensible than a card with some inferior verses on it.

J. B. WATERS.

PICTURE-HANGING.

The arrangement of the pictures in a man's digs has much to do with the general appearance of comfort.

His good taste is displayed in the selection of the various prints and photographs that he has framed, but taste is also required in hanging the pictures suitably.

How your pictures are to be hung depends largely upon the size and character of them and upon the shape of your room; one's general sense of proportion is usually sufficient guide as to this. But there is one rule which should never be neglected, and that is that pictures should be hung so that they are pitched forward in accordance with their height above the eye of the spectator.

Pictures that are placed close up beside the roof—and this is a place which you should reserve for those of less value—must be hung sloping a little forward, for otherwise the light will catch upon the glass and make it impossible to see the picture behind it. It is only those pictures which are on the level of the eye, or below it, that may be hung flat against the wall.

It is very easy to pitch a picture. Instead of having the screws put in at the top of the frame, insert them three or four inches lower down, one at each side.

Care should be taken to see that the picture cord is the same colour as the wall paper. If your wall paper is difficult to match, use picture wire instead of cord.

BACHELOR'S BUTTONS.

MENDING FOR ALL MEN IN DIGS.

It is supposed that the handling of the sword, the pen, and the ploughshare come naturally to a man; but that the needle is a purely feminine weapon, and that only a sailor ever masters its intricacies.

But really it is quite a simple matter to do one's odds and ends of mending for oneself and be happily independent of the variable moods of one's landlady.

With a modicum of patience plus determination, the task can be done. Hence a few hints on the management of that tricky little bit of steel may be of service.

Get a packet of good-sized needles; you want something you can feel.

Get also a skein of whity-brown thread for sewing on those aggravating articles of one's wardrobe—or a reel of medium cotton will do as well.

To begin, break off a sufficient length of thread—some ladies bite it; but if you are careful of your teeth, don't. It is wiser to cut it off.

Moisten the end you have severed, and thread your needle.

This will require a little practice, as it is not always possible to find the eye at the first attempt, but perseverance will accomplish most things—even the threading of a needle.

Then tie a knot at the same end. If it is a button that needs securing, hold it firmly, but not in such a way as will necessitate the sewing of your thumb as well as the button.

Put the needle in on the under-side, and bring it up through one of the holes. Push it through the opposite hole, and keep on doing this until the button is firm.

Remember to finish off safely with a few extra stitches on the under-side before you break off your thread.

For mending rents in your coat or other garments purchase a few cards of darning wool, black and grey, and keep them in some handy place, the top drawer of your dressing-table, for instance, and an old collar-box will serve for work-basket.

To darn properly requires years of practice, and really it is hardly a man's job.

But the alphabet is comparatively simple. If it is only a small rent draw the edges together, and sew over and over; but if it is a hole big enough to be noticeable, then it must be darned.

To do this, thread a darning needle with wool—you do not moisten wool, but loop the end you have broken off and thread double. The eye of a darning needle, thank the gods, does not require a magnifying glass to see it.

Begin a little distance from the edge, and put in two or three stitches, and then take your thread across the hole in a straight line—make a few more stitches on that side, and return. Do this until you have traversed the whole surface of the hole one way. Now break off, and begin to cross these threads from the opposite sides in and out—in and out—until instead of a hole there is a mesh of darning, more or less exact and neat.

I remember once at a fashionable dog show watching a man go up to some ladies of his acquaintance and enlist their services on behalf of a badly torn coat—he had caught the tails on a nail while judging a class.

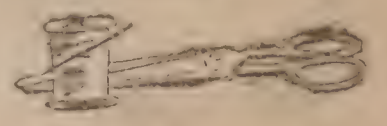
He produced some pins from a fancy pin-cushion, and amid much laughter the rent was pinned up.

If only that sportsman had carried what used to be called a "housewife," the Diana whom he favoured with his attention could have made a really good thing out of that mend.

As it was, he spent the rest of his time in carefully feeling every now and then for those——pins!

A man can easily manufacture a most useful little "carry-all." A piece of leather lined with flannel and made with flaps will do well for the outer case. Stitch some bits of elastic, or even gum them at intervals along the inside, for a packet of needles, some skeins of wool and threads, and a sharp pair of scissors, to say nothing of one or two extra buttons; and a man need not sigh for wedded joys just yet.

J. R. PRICE.



FROM OFFICER TO CABBY.

A LIFE STORY.

The horse between the shafts had been a Derby winner. The man up on the box had once belonged to a crack cavalry regiment.

The ups and downs of the racer found a parallel in those of the man. Few recognised "The Meteor" in that broken-down hack; fewer still would have seen any resemblance between that weather-beaten, shabby driver and the gallant officer.

Pure misfortune brought the Derby winner down to this. Selfish indulgence in spirits pure and impure caused the man's downfall.

Born to an honoured name, and heir to no inconsiderable fortune, he had been a fine soldier, but lack of active service had spoiled him, as well as many another.

He had played high, lived fast, and the descent to cab-rank had been swift.

Not that he blamed himself—oh, dear no! It was all his evil luck.

So he looked on life with jaundiced eyes from his box. And from between the shafts "The Meteor" did likewise—with more reason than the man.

"The worst blackguard that ever drove a cab," was the verdict of those who came in close contact with him.

"The viciousest hoss in the yard," was the universal opinion of the ex-Derby winner.

But there was life in the old racer, and plenty of spunk in the blackguard.

He knew his London well, especially the West-End, and every fashionable club, shady and otherwise. The fares that hailed him little thought that he knew the inside quite as well as, perhaps better than, they.

Now, he was only an observer; then, he was a participant in the gay life.

A man assisted a woman into the cab and bade him drive to a certain spot.

Out of curiosity he opened the trap-door in the roof and looked down.

Then he shut it to with an oath. He recognised the woman: she had had a part in his own past.

Even now, smirched as she was with her painted lips and her artificial smile, she was beautiful. What a contrast, he thought, to the blousy creature who now shared his life, and who had hauled him before a magistrate only a week ago for giving her two black eyes.

Again an echo from the old life reached him.

"Drive like hell," and two men got in.

One had been his friend and the other was his worst enemy.

And he drove as he was bidden.

* * * * * * *

An accident—a skidding motor-'bus on a wet pavement, a luggage van, and a hansom cab, all mixed up together—and three dissolute human lives.

The crowd that always gathers was soon there—glad that their purses did not enable them to court disaster by travelling by any other means than their own feet.

"Only an accident," said the crowd; and the intelligent police officer when he arrived on the scene agreed, with the solemnity of the Law.

"Sit on his head," urged a passing Solomon. But "The Meteor" had run his last race.

The man on the driver's seat was motionless, with a fixed smile on his face, and no expression in his eyes.

Somebody noticed him.

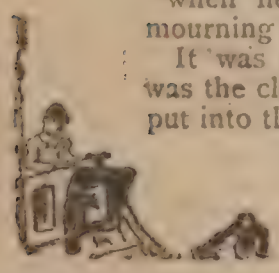
"Help him down; he is crazed."

But the cabby smiled on, unheeding.

He had driven his fares to their destination, and from his smile he was satisfied with his tip. It was no accident, but who was to tell the sapient man in blue that, when driver and fares were silent eternally!

"He was a good husband," said the widow, "when he wasn't drunk." And her eyes wore mourning to match her weeds.

It was a lie that was expected from her. It was the classic axiom, "Speak no ill of the dead," put into the vulgar tongue. A. M. STEWART.



MY NOTEBOOK.

MARRIED MEN.

A Drogheda reader sends me a terrible accusation.

"I gather somehow," he says, "that you are not married yourself, and that may account for the fact that all your stories and articles seem to be written for the bachelor.

"I think this is hardly fair to those of us who are married. I myself have been in this happy state for the last half-dozen years, and I know that many readers in this locality are also married.

"I think that you ought to have occasionally special articles for married men."

I wonder whether it is just possible that I know more about the business of running a paper than my Drogheda friend does. Of course I may be wrong, but my experience of journalism has shown me that articles specially intended for married men are not read by anybody except married women, who delight, if they are foolish, in extracting a sentence here and there and throwing it in the teeth of their husbands.

Several of my contributors are married, though I am not—yet—and I could readily secure some articles giving excellent advice to married men, but I know that they would not be read by those for whom they were intended.

That is why I have not specially catered for married men. I do not see why I should, for the subjects that I deal with are of interest to all men, irrespective of whether they are married or not.

MY OWN VIEWS ON LOVE.

There are three things that a man does not care to write about. They are his sweetheart, his mother, and his religion. If, therefore, I have not dealt in these rambling notes with the subject of love and marriage, my intentions must not be misunderstood.

Love is, in my opinion, behind every great enterprise or endeavour, but it affects only the parties personally concerned, and, if I have avoided this subject, it is because I regard it as one which is private to each of us, and a little too sacred for discussion even in these personal notes in which I have at times been, perhaps, too confidential.

A VISITOR AND A FRIEND.

The other day there called upon me a reader who taught me much in a very short time.

All sorts of readers come to see me, and there are some that I like more than others.

He was one whom I liked right away. It is not often that I meet a man who is taller than myself, but he was just a trifle bigger. He was finely developed, and there was a look about him of absolute sincerity and honesty. We were friends at once.

I do not remember exactly what he was wearing, for I am not a very close observer in matters of dress; but as far as I remember it was a bowler hat and a dark overcoat, such as might be worn by a man in any station of life. I could not guess his trade.

We had been chatting together for some time, and I had been showing him some of the Territorial photographs of my collection, when he said: "I wish I could be a Terrier, but you see in my case it isn't possible. I'm a railway porter at Clapham Junction."

I am sorry to say that some men I have met under similar circumstances have apologised for their trades, not knowing, perhaps, that to me it is the man who counts for everything. The way in which he earns his living, provided it is honest, is a matter of no importance. This friend of mine made no such apology. He understood me as well as I understood him, and he knew that no apology was necessary.

LUCKY CHAP!

We got on to a discussion of the various features of the paper, and he told me that he liked them all, and so did his wife.

I congratulated him on being married, and he gave me the further information that he had been married for twelve months. As he added that his age was only twenty-three, and that he was therefore a few years younger than myself, I called him the lucky devil I thought him, and dropped the subject.

THE LITERARY INSTINCT.

The next thing we touched on was the matter of writing articles.

"It's a funny thing," he said, "but it seems to be a gift. The other night five other chaps and I started to walk from Euston to Clapham Junction. Before long two of them dropped out and took the train, and then another two did the same, and at last my only remaining pal did likewise, and I finished the journey alone.

"It was the kind of thing one could have written about, or at least your contributors could have written about it, but I couldn't.

"There was a moon up, and a mist among the trees, and the dazzling lights of the cars we met, and bits of blue funk amongst the other chaps, but it would take a man with the gift to make something of it."

SPORT AND MARRIAGE.

I gathered from him that such expeditions as these, and any other sports that he has time for, afford him the keenest pleasure, and he agreed with me that there is no reason why a married man should not indulge his liking for sport, although, of course, his home has first claim upon his time.

"You must come down to our little place one night," he said, just as he was about to leave, "I'm sure the wife would be delighted to meet you."

"I'll come," I said, "to celebrate the interesting event. When is it expected?"

"In February," he said.

"Right," I said. "I'll stand godfather."

"I'll take you at your word," he said, delighted.

"Provided it's a boy," I added.

"I hope it will," he said, "and if it is you'll be godfather, and I'll vouch for bringing him up a sportsman."

I have heard it said that marriage took the backbone out of a man, but my experience shows that it is a lie.

Here, for one instance, was a man, every inch of him, a sportsman, a jolly good chap and all the rest of it—and he was married.

I must sheer off this subject, however, or I shall rapidly become sentimental, a thing which I hate to be.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

I have frequently been asked to produce a double number of the paper, but I have hesitated to do so for several reasons.

In the first place, it is by no means easy to obtain the right sort of stuff for an extra number, and I have rather shirked making the attempt to compile a double issue. In the second place, I have always been unwilling to charge twopence for any number of the paper, for, I am proud to say, THE MODERN MAN circulates amongst every class of society, and there are many of my readers to whom even the weekly penny brings them into touch with me is a matter of consideration.

I have been so frequently asked, however, to produce a double number that I have at last decided to make the experiment, and next week's number, which is our Christmas number, will be a double one.

Whether I shall repeat the experiment depends upon the success of this particular issue. I can only say that in my opinion it is very good value, and I trust that you will think the same.

You will be glad to know, by the way, that the circulation of the paper is increasing very rapidly. I am deeply obliged to those who have been so kind about; you can count on my doing my own best to make THE MODERN MAN a record success. But I still want your help.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE WINTER PROGRAMME.

TOWN OR COUNTRY—WHICH IS IT TO BE?

Not a few men are puzzled at this period of the year about what may be called the winter programme. What is it to be?

This, of course, refers to a man's own personal existence, and not in any way to his business. That goes on, like the brook, "for ever." But the summer is over, and the long, wet, windy, frosty, and snowy days are upon us, and we are uncertain, perhaps, how far to give way to these inconveniences and cut down our outdoor enjoyments.

For the average town-dweller who does not attempt to spend his week-ends in the country, practically the only outlet for his energy and spirit is the football field, but football—well, I have nothing against football or footballers, but the game has always seemed to me to lack some of the vital elements of real sport, some of those delights that stir the blood and the imagination and the spirit as in so many other outdoor occupations.

But to return to the townsman's winter programme and the dilemma on the horns of which he so often finds himself.

When he has thrown over the football idea—and he will do this or take it up whole-heartedly, there being no half-way house in the matter of football—as I advise him to do, he may feel that he has given up with it all thoughts of outdoor sport for the season. Thus he falls back—a bad practice that of falling back on a bad substitute for what one really wants—on the idea of what I would call a town winter.

Now, of all wearinesses of the flesh a town winter is the most wearying. From a distance it undoubtedly has its attractions. The little dinners and theatres, the spick-and-span attire, the glamour of the city by night, and all the little luxuries that are so attractive—and enervating—to the average man dazzle him and lure him on.

If he allows himself to be drawn away from the more vigorous and athletic pleasures of the open air by these prospects, he is in for a good time, perhaps, but he will carry away from it at the other end no really fine experiences, and will be poorer in physique, pocket, and tone.

It is the moments of physical exercise and enjoyment on which a man looks back with the truest pleasure.

The townsman is rather apt to look upon the weather as his chief winter enemy and spoil-sport. This is indeed the whole secret of the matter. By so regarding the winter weather a man is only showing his lack of knowledge, for with but a little experience he should know that this is in reality his finest ally in the matter of his sport.

The town induces a dislike of any but calm, dry, warm weather, and once a man is fairly settled in his winter diggings, with the clothes and the habits for a town season, it is as hard to drag him out into the open air as it is to draw blood from a stone. If he would but consider the matter carefully before deciding, he would soon realise that in the open air, as in the smothering town, it is only a matter of equipment. And, moreover, the necessary equipment for an open-air winter is far less expensive and far more lasting than that for a season amid the luxuries of a city.

Winter and the overlapping portions of autumn and spring are pre-eminently the seasons for the most vigorous muscular exercise. First and foremost the "honourable legs" should be considered, and walking, with a hundred and one different and attractive objects in view, as well as for its own sake.

Join the walking club, then, and run through its winter programme, putting in as many additional expeditions of your own as you have time for.

Cement your acquaintance with all the farmers and country folk you ever mee , and ensure for yourself thereby many an afternoon's rough shooting, woodcraft, and fresh air. Join the local field club, and never miss one of its rambles, and, as THE MODERN MAN is always urging, keep your bicycle handy. The cycle that is not used in winter is not worth having.

J. G. HAYWARD.

SPORTING STORIES

SETTLED.

A Jew was in the dock for some offence.

The magistrate said: "A most serious offence! Six months; no option."

The Jew immediately replied: "Vell, that settles it?"

"What do you mean? Settles what?" said the magistrate.

"Vell, me and Rebecca have been arguing for veeks vether ve go to Ramsgate or Margate, and —vell, that settles it!"

LIMIT OF LAZINESS.

SMALL NEWSBOY (very active): "'Ere y'are! Hextra special, football news, latest 'dition, hall the news, 'ere y'arc!"

BIGGER NEWSBOY (leaning against lamp-post): "Me too."

RESIGNED.

A pitman had saved for years, denying himself many things. Often asked by his mates to join the annual trips to London, he would say: "No, lads, I won't go till I've saved enough to do it well."

At length, after years of labour and saving, he achieved a sum which seemed sufficient.

No sooner had he reached King's Cross than two of the "boys" spotted him, and in half an hour all he had left was his return ticket.

"Ah! well," he said, as he took the first train back, "easy come, easy go."

FEMININE FICKLENESS.

After an altercation with a policeman, he had been placed for cooling purposes in an apartment in Vine Street.

The silence of the early morn was interrupted by the noisy entrance into the next apartment of a lady, and this is what he heard as the door clanged:

"Oh, Gawd! Oh, my Lord! Oh, oh! I know (hic) I shall never, never 'old up my (hic) 'ead agin! Oh! What a 'orrible disgrace (hic)! Oh, Lord! (bursting into song) Oh! I'm as 'appy as a king!"

PUZZLED.

An inebriated old gent was clasping a lamp-post whilst waiting for a tram in pouring rain. He allowed several to pass without making up his mind, then made a dash for the last tram, missed the rail, and, stumbling, grasped the step.

After being dragged several yards in the mud and slush he was rescued by the conductor and placed on a seat. The old sport gazed at his muddy clothes, then at his dirty hands.

"Conductor!"

"Yes, sir."

"Collision?"

"No, sir."

"No accident?"

"No, sir."

Pause—— "Then what the hell did I get off for?"

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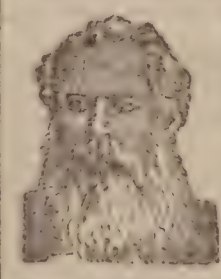
KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME.

YOUR BOYS will have every incentive to spend their evenings at home if you instal a Riley Billiard Table. Billiards is the ideal indoor game—never monotonous—never wearying. Played on RILEY'S MINIATURE TABLES the game is just as correct as on the standard stables. ¶ RILEY'S Billiard Tables to place on your own dining table from £3 7s. 6d. ¶ RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables—converted in a minute—from £13 10s. Cash or Easy Payments. These prices include all accessories. Carriage paid to nearest railway station.

FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue.

E. J. RILEY, LTD.,
Ideal Billiard Mills, ACCRINGTON.

London Show Rooms,
147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.



ARE YOU IN DOUBT?

ASTROLOGY will help you to decide; let me consult the **Stars. They** rule your destiny. I, the **Old and Reliable Astrologer, "Mercury,"** read the stars, and can assist all who **desire** to utilise life's opportunities to the full. Thousands testify to my accuracy. Send birth-date **now**, with 1/- P.O. for test Horoscope of your life. Twelve months' confidential advice added **free.**

PROF. M. M. MERCURY,
Hawthorn Road, Llandaff, Glam.

How are you?

Have you had your
MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

They are suitable for
ALL KINDS OF DOGS AND PUPPIES,
NO FANCY PREPARATIONS BEING NECESSARY.

These Foods are composed of the purest ingredients only. Their unique effects are due to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which the cakes are compounded. They aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in fine condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites and prevent the dogs smelling.

ABSOLUTELY DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHER CAKES.

Sold by Grocers, Corn Merchants and
THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD.,
Dog and Puppy Cake Works,
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In districts where these Cakes are not stocked by Dealers we pay carriage to Customers on quantities of 28 lb. and upwards.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

"MOLASSINE MEAL GIVES HORSES STAMINA."

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

A MASSAGE AND RESISTANCE EXERCISE.

The exercise here depicted has the advantage of combining the benefits of muscular resistance and massage.

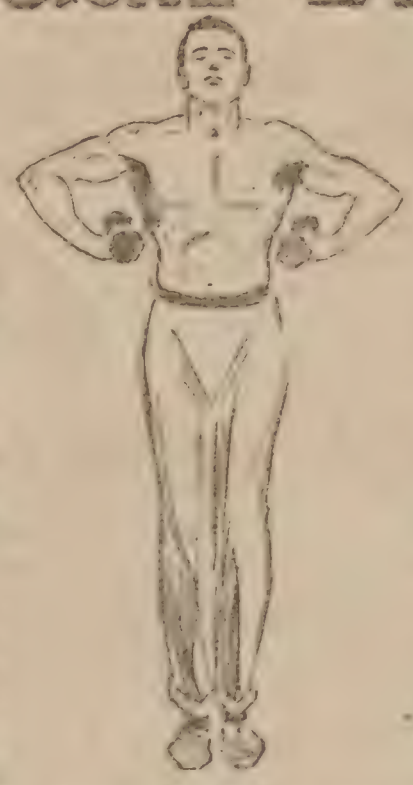
Raise the right arm horizontally in front of the shoulders, and place the left hand above the right wrist.

For back and arm muscles.

Now press downwards steadily with the left hand and resist the pressure with the right arm. This playing off of one arm against another will chiefly benefit the back muscles.

Now rub the left hand along the extended arm so as to massage the arm-muscles, passing it from the wrist to the shoulder and back again, but maintaining the pressure of one arm against the other all the time.

The exercise must be stopped as soon as either arm begins to get tired, and the hand should only be rubbed to and fro three or four times before the pressure is relaxed and the position of the arms reversed.



A HANDKERCHIEF TRICK.

This is a trick which bears some resemblance to that which I have already described of drawing a chalk line as far as possible from the feet, but it is considerably more difficult.

Lie at full length on your face on the floor. Place your handkerchief underneath your mouth, taking care that it is crumpled up, so as not to lie flat on the floor.

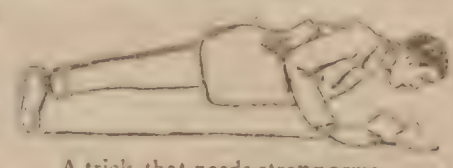
Raise yourself on your arms until they are straight and at right angles to the floor, and then place one hand behind your back.

The object is now to pick up the handkerchief with your teeth.

It may sound easy to do, but when you have the weight of your body supported on your toes and one hand only you will realise the difficulty of it.

An exceptionally strong arm is needed to bear the whole weight of the shoulders when it is in a bent position.

If you are resting on your right arm you will probably find it necessary to raise the left shoulder and bring it over to the right.



A trick that needs strong arms.

The secret of performing this trick successfully is to get the hand that bears the weight as far as possible in the centre of the body.

FOR THE CHEST MUSCLES.

Stand with the arms at the sides, and closing the fists bring them across in front of body and lay one wrist above the other.

Now press the forearms firmly together, so as to contract the muscles of the chest as much as possible.

It is advisable to strip to the waist for this exercise so as to allow the greatest freedom for the shoulders and chest.

When the chest muscles have been fully contracted, relax the pressure, return the arms to the sides, and expand the chest, drawing in the breath and taking care that the air you breathe is pure. Then the chest again and cross the arms in front of the body, with the other top.

A good variant of this exercise, though which to some extent divides the attention between two sets of muscles, is to turn the neck while chest muscles are contracted.

The head should be twisted round slowly to side until the chin is above the shoulder.

Then, without pausing, it should be turned until you are looking in the opposite direction.

Finally it is returned to the normal position and the chest muscles are then relaxed and arms dropped to the sides.

IT CURES

Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica, Chronic Glandular Enlargements, Sprains, and Paralytic Numbness. A Muscle Stimulant to

ATHLETES.

This is what Dr. Carter's Embrocation can do for you. 1/- size bottles 1s., post free, or 3 for 2s. 6d.

SPECIAL TRIAL BOTTLE 3 PENNY STAMPS

THE MODEL HOME SPECIALITIES, LIMITED, WELLINGTON ROAD, BATTERSEA, S.W.

IF YOU WERE DYING you would, no doubt be prepared to spend your last penny for a new lease of life. Purchase it now. When on your death-bed 'twill be too late. My course of Home Training will add years to your life—it is a certain guarantee of longevity.

BUY A LEASE OF LIFE!

My fee is low—results guaranteed. The health and increased energy my system gives, demands and receives an equivalent in every day business life which insures a return of my fee one hundred times over.

A course of my exercises will prove the most profitable investment you ever made.

It was the day before yesterday that physical culture meant only the development of abnormally strong men. To-day it has a practical meaning for everybody who indulges in sport—for the sedentary worker—and particularly for the man who has any ailment or physical defect.

You must have felt the need for physical culture (to-day's meaning, physical), and if so you are invited to investigate my system of Physical Culture, which will show you how I bring every limb, muscle, and all the body to proper development and healthy tone, and pay attention to the demands of any particular pursuit.

Ask for my Free Book, "HEALTH AT HOME," and terms.

Mail a card now for fear you forget—health is all important, and under my system, **inexpensive to obtain and maintain.**

T. INCH (Dept. M.M.), The Broadway, Fulham, LONDON, S.W.

N.B.—The Editor of every known magazine of Physical Culture will vouch for my ability as a Physical Culture Expert, and 20,000 people are daily using my system and ENDORSING MY STATEMENTS.

£298,960
PAID TO CLIENTS.

EVERY CHEQUE CAN BE SEEN.

Has it never struck the tens of thousands of speculative investors of this country, who prefer—and rightly prefer—to transact their financial business in the most speedy and economical manner (that is, with a reputable firm of stock and share dealers), that only one such firm publishes results?

If it has struck clients in this way, how is it that every speculative investor does not transact his business with that one institution?

It is hard, very hard to say. That the public should be content with "Estimated Profits," statements that "£5 can produce £50," "Loss Impossible," "Profits Guaranteed," &c., &c., surpasses the comprehension of every sane-minded man.

Why, why is it that a man does not say to himself before he sends a pennypiece to any firm, "What proof have I got that they have ever paid anybody anything?" In other words, "Is my money safe with them? Shall I be treated honourably and straightforwardly? Are they financially able to take my business? Do they make profits for their clients?"

HERE IS OUR PROOF.

"JOHN BULL" (Oct. 16, 1909) says:

The conclusion we have arrived at is (1) *That the National Share Exchange, as at present conducted, is not only a legitimate, but a desirable institution, and* (2), *that people who speculate in stocks and shares will receive their profits if they win, and will not be the victims of trickery if they lose. Indeed, to quote what, but for the explanations we have given, would sound a paradox, the more the National Share Exchange pays out to the public, the better it pays them. All we say is that . . . . the National Share Exchange is straight.*

Twelve Vital Questions.

Questions to be asked by every intending client of every Stock and Share Dealer before doing business.

1.—How long have you been established?

2.—Have you ever traded under any other name?

3.—What is your average current banking account?

4.—How much is your Reserve Fund?

5.—How much have you paid clients altogether?

6.—Do you limit liability to the amount deposited?

7.—Are you willing to show all paid cheques?

8—Do you pay promptly every day on which a transaction is closed?

9.—Do you buy and sell from or to clients at the official prices ruling on the London Stock Exchange?

10.—Do you regularly publish a list of cheques paid to clients acting on your recommendation?

11.—Are you willing to submit to an inspection of the counterfoils of your cheque book, your bought and sold ledgers, cash books and pass books?

12.—Do you permit clients to select any stock they like and allow them to sell out at a moment's notice, returning them, should a profit be realised, the full amount forwarded you together with the profit they have made without any deduction whatever?

Our Twelve Replies.

If any firm replies to these dozen questions in a manner as satisfactory to you as the twelve replies we will send to you if you forward the Application Form below, and agree that their replies shall form the basis of your contract with that firm, there is no reason why you should not entrust it with your orders, be they for £6 or £6,000, just as you would with the National Share Exchange.

Here is the Application Form.

Application for our Twelve Replies.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your money-making system, together with your replies to the twelve questions above, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £298,960, which you have paid to clients acting on your advice and recommendations since January, 1907.

M.M.
20 R.

NAME.....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

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(Please write distinctly.)

DATE .....

THE TURKISH BATH MAN TALKS.

IS ENTIRELY ON PREJUDICE.

There are some people who simply will not be convinced by any process of reasoning. They have made up their minds, and there is an end of the matter. That's prejudice. Because I have a good thing and say that it is good every time I advertise, some people sniff and say it cannot be any good whatever. That's prejudice, too.

The world is full of quacks who claim to cure this and that. People try them and waste their time and money. And they waste their hope, too. When I advertise I say I have a thing which does make for health and cure certain evils, these people, who have been led to hope before, and have spent their money on such vain hopes, say that I am another quack promising much and doing nothing but take the money. Prejudice again.

Suppose you sat here with me as I write. I think I could remove your prejudice. You would find first that I sincerely believe what I say. Secondly, you would find that what I say is sane, reasonable, practical. Thirdly, I could give you proof.

This is what I say. Turkish Baths are good for men and women—good in health, better in illness. This is how they act in Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and Lumbago. There are certain wastes, acids, poisons—call them what you like—in the blood. These acids crystallise, work into the joints, and cause pain. In a proper state of health the body would eliminate them, largely through the pores of the skin. Does your prejudice prove that this is wrong, untrue, or unreasonable?

Again, I say the Turkish Bath cures this by a simple natural aid to nature. It causes free perspiration. Perspiration cleanses the blood by opening the pores and hastening elimination. Pure blood is health, and blood purified of uric acid means a body cured of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago. This is true whatever your prejudice may make you think.

Many people who ought to have Turkish Baths cannot take them—the baths are too far away. Or they cost too much. Or they cannot spare the time. Or they do not care to sit perspiring with other people, inhaling the necessary impurities of the heated atmosphere. There is nothing unreasonable in this.

Now, I sell the Gem Turkish Bath. It is a simple, inexpensive cabinet. You sit in it with your head out of it. You heat the air inside by a safe and inexpensive stove which I have had designed. The air confined within heats up steadily to the best Turkish Bath temperature. You begin to perspire. You can feel the impurities of the body leaving it. The skin begins to discharge the tiny clots of dirt which choke the pores of people who consider they are particularly clean and take hot baths regularly. The pores begin to do their real work—to allow the heat to sweat disease from the system through the thousands of tiny channels. *Nature is then curing the body of disease in its own way.* Can you—you who are prejudiced—deny this?

Read a little further—these facts are important to you. If you sit in my Gem Cabinet and take one treatment in this way—I do not care who you are or what you do—if you go in with Rheumatic pain, you will be better when you come out, easier, and more comfortable. Don't mistake me—I don't say that chronic rheumatism is going to leave you then and there. But you will not be so bad. If you repeat the treatment for another day, you will be better still. I have known sufferers use the bath daily for a month, and then, by taking a bath once a week, kept themselves free of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, or Lumbago afterwards.

You say cynically—"Yes, sir; that's your story—that's what you say." You do not believe me. Because I want you to pay for this bath, buy it, use it, get well—I do not tell the truth. Is that what prejudice means? Well, you do not know me—you have a right to take this attitude. This is my answer—it is an answer you cannot doubt.

Send me a cheque post-dated ten days. Take the bath by return. Use it seven days. Use it according to instructions. See whether it does what I say. Never mind what you think or what I say—try the thing itself. If it does not satisfy you, if it does not do what I say, stop your cheque, pack up the bath, and send it back at my cost. Now, you may be prejudiced, but—you can find out the truth about what I say for nothing.

Apart from this, I want you to believe what I say. I believe this bath has made me well and kept me well for years. I was not well before I had it; I have not been ill since I used it. I have humoured my friends to try it—sceptics good-naturedly obliging a crank. They have gone to the bath with Influenza, Rheumatism, Gout, Dyspepsia, Lack of Nervous Tone, Obesity, Liver Trouble, and other diseases. They have been cured. I have thousands of customers, and they have been cured.

Now, prejudice apart, will you investigate? Write, sending me cheque post-dated. At least do not shelve the matter, but let me send you, post free, my 100-page booklet on the Hot Air Treatment at home.

THE GEM SUPPLIES CO., Ltd. (Desk 18),
22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

Enclosed find Money Order value 30s., for which send me one 30s. No. 1 Standard Bath Cabinet. This Money Order is sent on the understanding that I am at liberty to return the Cabinet within the next ten days and my Money Order will be returned.

Name .....

Address .....

You have yourself the power to raise your salary

You can't do it next month perhaps, but certainly you can before very many months have passed if you will only devote your leisure wisely now; for you can get **specialized training** which will qualify you for a higher position—either in your present occupation or in some better line of work.

This specialized training is offered you by the International Correspondence Schools.

There are over 120 I.C.S. Courses—for all the leading technical and commercial occupations and Civil Service examinations. They are followed at home, in spare time, by correspondence, and they are all planned with the one aim of "raising salaries." Moreover, they are supplemented by free service in the matter of employment.

Thus by joining the I.C.S. you turn your leisure to the most practical account, wasting none of it in attending classes or in studying non-essentials, but making it absolutely effective to raise your salary.

Thousands of men and women have proved the £ s. d. value of the I.C.S. Courses during the 18 years the Schools have been established. You'll agree that you should get full particulars. Simply write us a card mentioning the line of work which interests you.

PARTIAL LIST OF COURSES:

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IT COSTS YOU NOTHING
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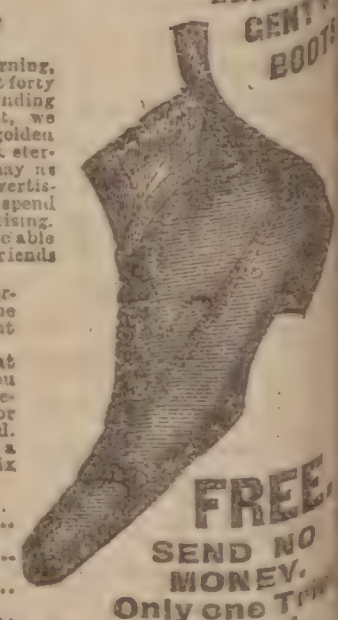

1st Prize.—Each morning, to the first forty readers of this paper sending for our special Sale List, we will present free a golden Sovereign. We mean 20s. sterling, 20s. cash. We may as well spend money in advertising our goods this way as spend it in newspaper advertising. Our customers will then be able to talk about us to their friends

2nd Prize.—To every person after the first forty we will present some article of jewellery.

Our only condition is that if you gain a first prize you purchase above Watch, reduced price 15s., or Boots or other goods not under 5s. 6d. in value, and if you gain a second prize you give away six of our lists to your friends.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

COUPON.

NOTE.—You cannot possibly be out of pocket in replying to this advertisement, as if you do not win a First Prize you are certain to receive something in return for 1d. expended. In the event of any dispute arising our decision must be accepted as final, and no person must send unless willing to abide by this rule. Write to-day. ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

FREE.
SEND NO MONEY.
Only one Trial allowed.

The "BRAUNT CO." (Dpt. M.) 164, Howard St., Glasgow.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

SERVILITY AND CIVILITY.

There is the most tremendous difference between being servile and being civil, and it is regrettable that the distinction is not observed more generally in the world of business.

I believe in business politeness, but there is a vast difference between being polite and being oily.

You notice it mostly in shopkeepers.

Those who have an established business and who do not need to nurse it are, more often than not, truculent. Those who are trying to build up a new business are all too often servile.

Truculence and servility are equally detestable to both men and women.

The multiplication of shops belonging to large firms has spoiled the temper of the average shop assistant. Most big firms can get all the men they need by simply holding up their finger, and they do not pay them very princely salaries. In most cases, also, the civility of the assistant employed by large firms is not sufficiently looked to, for, unlike those in a small shop, they are not constantly under the immediate supervision of their employer.

But it must not be supposed that this applies to all large firms.

I have in mind the assistants in a branch shop belonging to Salmon and Gluckstein, where I generally buy my tobacco. I have never tipped them or put them under any obligation, but in my opinion they are ideally civil.

They give you a nod and a good morning in a brief sort of way, which is pleasant without being oily, and before I reach the counter I find that one or other of them has placed my usual packet of mixture in readiness for me.

They know that my time is valuable, and, being civil, they do what they can to avoid wasting it.

I do not say that the employees at all shops of this firm, or of any other, are ideally civil—probably this is a more or less isolated example, and it is likely that these assistants take their cue from their own particular manager. But I think it would pay the majority of shopkeepers to study the civility, or lack of it, that is meted out to customers in other shops.

It is always wise for a man to study the methods of others in his own line of business, and in the case of a shopkeeper this is particularly easy.

Let him go to other shops and buy a trifle or two, just to show how customers are treated.

In my opinion the chief study of the shopkeeper who is out for knowledge should be the finding of new ways of pleasing his customers, and the chief of them is real civility, which costs nothing at all except kind-heartedness.

It counts for a lot.

Servility is the most objectionable quality a shopman, a traveller, or any other business man can possess. It gives a customer the impression that there is something which is being concealed, some reason for this particular gush.

Servility is not exaggerated politeness; it is a form of intended flattery which does not flatter; it is a hollow compliment, and you feel that the person offering it to you is laughing at you up his sleeve.

In every form of business civility is all important; on the part of employers and employees alike; but servility is anathema to whomsoever it may be applied.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

[In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.]

STOCK AND SHARE DEALERS.

I have a few words to add to what I said last week on this subject.

It is with advertising stock and share dealers (outside brokers) that the general public is chiefly concerned in financial transactions. That is why I purpose paying particular attention to them in these notes.

Not only will readers benefit by watching this column, but the distinction made from time to time between reputable and unreliable firms will materially help the former and embarrass the latter.

Correspondents—who will be answered against initials or *nom de plume*—are requested not to make assertions without documentary evidence such as will stand legal scrutiny. Assertions are for the swindling bucket-shop keeper to make to clients; we prefer facts.

If only the public would distinguish between the two, and demand proof of assertions before doing business, financial sharks would have a bad time, and the public would have a fuller purse.

EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.

This firm of outside brokers reproduce the City of London Coat-of-Arms on one of their circulars. We cannot imagine the City authorities backing an outside broker of this description. If it is authorised, it is—well, curious; but assuming that it is not, such effrontery should be promptly tackled.

BARCLAY, POWER & CO.—H. L. (London)—The circulars from these outside brokers should be sufficient warning to you. They evidently have a bee in their bonnet, as they go on to say: "Fortunately our reputation is too high and untarnished to be in the least effected (*sic*) by pork-eating Jews, &c." This is personal and vulgar about somebody, and—not financial; therefore, leave them alone. The business has not existed more than a few weeks, and they have no reputation, one way or the other, as yet.

THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—R. M. (Woolwich)—They advertise a reserve fund, a large current account, and publish particulars of cheques paid away. This is good business. If the public demanded proof of *bona fides* on these lines from outside brokers generally, there would not be the necessity for so many hard words at times.

CITY OF OSAKA FIVE PER CENT. LOAN.—R. H. (Tunbridge Wells)—A good investment; about 98 at present.

ONE PER CENT. MARGIN.—J. J. R. (Battersea)—Only a professional speculator—knowing what he is doing and with whom—should deal on 1 per cent. margin; amateurs should let it alone.

OPTION MONEY.—"Novice"—It is not returnable. You have paid that for the option of buying—the privilege of calling the shares within a certain period. You can't have your cake and eat it, but dealers are responsible for the ignorance on this point, as they, of course, do not emphasise it, nor make it clear.

O. F. (Canterbury).—It is a blind pool. In other words, you leave it to them as to what they shall do with your money. No reputable firm would engage in such a scheme.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand
SAVES A YEAR'S STUDY.
Learned in Twelve Easy Lessons.
Highest Speed in Shortest Time.
Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Handbook.
Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

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We have always a large number of High-Grade Positions open in Clerical, Technical, Organising, and Travelling capacities—positions carrying salaries of from £150-£1,000- and we want to hear from really High-Grade Men who are capable of filling them. If you are a man possessed of Special Ability, write us to-day or call.
HAPGOODS Ltd., 163-7, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
(Registered in Guernsey.) Barton Arcade, 53, Deansgate, Manchester.

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NON-MAGNETIC.
A five years' guarantee with each watch.
Special repair system.
OXIDIZED OR NICKELLED
3/6 each, by post 1½d. extra.
LEECLA WATCH CO.,
215, OLD STREET, ASHTON-U-LYNE.

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THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
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provides
Life Assurance Without Medical Examination.
For full particulars of this unique scheme send postcard to
M. GREGORY, Managing Director,
6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.
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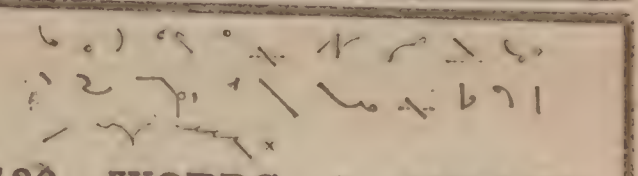

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guaranteed under Hubert Stewart's Simplified Method of teaching (Pitman's) SHORTHAND.
Postal Lessons. Prospectus Free.
"SHORTHAND (Pitman's) for RAPID LEARNING"
By HUBERT STEWART. Just Published, 3s. net.
"THE ADVENTURES OF PROSPECTORS" (in Shorthand), 3d. Obtainable at
THE STEWART SHORTHAND-TYPING ACADEMY,
104, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

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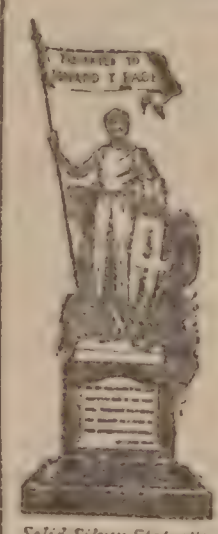

Solid Silver Statuette, 18 ins. high, presented to Mr. Edward T. Page, by the Students of Great Britain to mark their appreciation of the instruction received.

There is a steadily increasing demand, throughout the whole business world, for trained advertising men; and as we have trained and helped many others to

earn £5 per week

and upwards at this fascinating work, so we can train and help you. Every branch of the subject is dealt with systematically and in fullest detail in our course of lessons.

With half an hour's work every evening for a few months you can fit yourself to hold an important well-paid position. Full details are given in our

Prospectus, Sent Free on Request.

Page-Davis Advertising School,
Dept. 38
15, Oxford Street, London, W.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XL.—THE FALL OF SELBY.

On his way to work one morning, just before six o'clock, a chain-maker passed down the street where the works of the Chain Syndicate of Moulden were situated, and paused with faint curiosity to read the placard pasted on the wall.

He was not a man of much intelligence, and, being in regular employment at a small old-fashioned manufactory in the town, the placard did not affect him personally, so he went on his way.

Later, however, other men came along, and also paused, and upon them its effect was different, for they collected together, and loud and excited comment ensued.

The little gathering increased until there was quite an appreciable crowd, and the discussion grew still more noisy. Then a man, whose voice was stronger than the rest, shouted: "Where's Mortimer? 'Ere! Somebody goo and fetch Mortimer!"

A youth ran off, and shortly afterwards returned accompanied by a rough, middle-aged man, Mortimer, who had been the leader and chief spokesman of the unemployed all through the dreadful distress of the past winter.

He was hurrying, almost running, and as he drew near it could be seen that his face was agitated. Unheeding the medley of voices, he pushed his way through the men, and, craning his head forward eagerly, he stared long at the placard.

What it said was: WORK FOR MOULDEN WORKMEN. APPLY WITHIN AT 8 O'CLOCK.

And it was signed RICHARD SELBY.

Mortimer swung round, and his face was now fired with excitement.

"He's done it," he said hoarsely, and he lifted a clenched fist and shook it in triumph. "God Almighty, he's done it!" He's bust the Syndicate, as he said he would, and he's *here*!"

And he sent out a cheer, which was taken up by the others again and again.

"Is it true, d'ye think?" asked someone anxiously.

"True! Is Richard Selby a liar? Has he kept his word to us all through this bad time? Has he feared to tell us when he could do nothing?

"True! By gad! With that name there at the foot of it you can believe it's true! Eight o'clock. I'm going to let the whole town know by eight o'clock. If he's giving work to Moulden workmen, all Moulden shall have it."

"It bars them as prefers play," said a man with a laugh.

"I shall stay 'ere and mek sure," said another, taking up his station in the gateway.

"An' me! an' me!" came from several.

"Please yourselves," said Mortimer, "but I'm looking after the rest."

And he strode off with a lighter step than for many a long day.

At a quarter to eight Richard and Graill entered the street, and found passage to the Syndicate works blocked by a mob.

"Oh, lor'," said Graill, "look at this!"

But Richard said nothing, and the men made way for him to pass, touching their caps to him, one calling something here and there, but all restraining their feelings at sight of Richard's quiet and unconcerned manner.

By one o'clock Richard had personally engaged over four hundred reliable workmen to come in on the following Monday fortnight — eighteen days ahead—by which time the useless machinery of the Syndicate would have been cleared out, and new Selby machines installed in their place.

Then he returned to his other works and went on with ordinary business as if nothing had happened.

That evening a mass meeting of rejoicing was held in the square, and at the instigation of Mortimer it was unanimously decided to give a public dinner to Richard at the Town Hall on the subsequent Saturday, and to invite Vincent Lyons, Esquire, of Bagley Court, to preside.

* * * * * * *

"The whole idea's damned rot!" exclaimed Richard when he received and read the invitation, and he pushed back his chair and got up from his desk with impatience. "Why the devil can't they leave me alone!"

"Well, you'll have to go through with it," returned Graill, who was supremely delighted. "Besides, at the gathering of all your friends, including Vincent Lyons, to do you honour, you ought to feel flattered."

"Well, I'm not," retorted Richard, disagreeably, and added: "I only hope to goodness Lyons comes alone."

But he didn't. His daughter was with him, as also was his son, Arthur Lyons, M.P., who had come up from London specially for the occasion; and Richard had a mixed shock of embarrassment and pleasure when encountering them in an anteroom of the Town Hall on the eventful evening.

"I hope you have prepared an eloquent speech," chaffed the youthful M.P., "but if not I've brought a few with me for you to select from. 'A brief but touching response to a congratulatory toast'—will that do? You can get them for five shillings each when you are in the know."

Richard laughed and declined. He hoped to escape a speech, but failing this he was quite unable to imagine what he would say until the time came.

The advent of other men prominent in the town and district, made conversation general. Evidently it was to be a great night for Richard.

But more than once Violet Lyons's eyes fixed on him in curious scrutiny. He was taking little notice of her—it was significant that he rarely did in the presence of company—and she could watch him without appearing to do so. To all the others he was normal, talking easily, laughing with one, listening with the absorbed expression that was habitual with him to another; but now and again she caught a look on his face which was unusual—a tightness about the corners of the mouth in repose—a peculiar prominence of a vein in the temple that gave her the impression of some feelings kept hidden only by the exercise of powerful control.

Richard found her at his side as they were all filing out into the passage leading to the hall, and heard her quiet, cool voice.

"What is it?" she asked.

He turned to her, and she could have cried out at the look in his eyes.

"What is it?" she asked again, and holding his sleeve she detained him a moment and let the others go on. "Tell me." Richard's [illegible] closed one over the other and came apart with a sudden tearing gesture.

"This—this *foolery*!" he said.

"You're shaking," she said, and her breath drew in as with a sharp stab of pain. "You're unwell. You ought not ——"

She ceased abruptly and hurried on. Her father was looking back and waiting.

The dinner was a pronounced, if hei[illegible] success, the speeches remarkable for their [illegible] of diction and unanimity of enthusiasm.

Mr. Lyons paid a graceful tribute to Richard's personal qualities, and congratulated him upon his commercial success, his only criticism being that he was "appalled at the audacity [illegible]" (at which his daughter secretly smiled).

Mortimer spoke in fiery terms of the [illegible] methods of the Syndicate, and drew a Biblical comparison of Richard delivering the people out of the hands of their enemies.

Mr. Hezekiah Guest, vigorous and as matter-of-fact as ever, declared that he was proud to think he had once employed Richard at three-and-sixpence a week (whereat Arthur Lyons secretly smiled), and that he had always found him a darned sight too cocksure to be comfortable (at which everybody smiled).

Mr. Joe Burton made something of a sensation by announcing that J. T. Dean, "the schemin' Yank who floated the Syndicate, had bolted to New York with all the loose cash he could lay his hands on," but that the figure paid by Richard for the Syndicate premises had been divided among those local men who had put money in "the rotten concern," and so saved many of them from ruin.

And that old pugilistic veteran, Mark [illegible], popular landlord of the "Hare and Hounds," sprang up and rattled off some excited remarks in the vernacular until a sudden access of consciousness made him stop in the middle of a sentence and sit down to the accompaniment of ironical cheers. He was on his feet again the next moment to say he "didn't give a damn. Dick was the best lad at 'is weight in the county and 'e'd back 'im to the tune of a 'undred pound agen all comers."

And then, amid a perfect fusillade of clapping and banging of cutlery on the table, Richard stood up as pale as death, and waited with [illegible] deliberateness for silence.

Vincent Lyons, glancing up at him with a happy, genial smile, felt his daughter's hand creep into his and hold it tight.

Richard made a firm beginning. He thanked them; he was proud, though he thought a lot of fuss was being made about nothing. He repeated the last sentence, and faltered. He set back his shoulders and began again. Then he hesitated, and the glass that he was holding in his hand crushed slowly into pieces.

Vincent Lyons felt the hold on his hand tighten. There was a moment of agonised stillness. He all saw that Richard's face was ashine with sweat.

Then, staccato, came Arthur Lyons's command. "Sit down, man! You're ill," and with the last words Richard fell.

A dozen arms shot out to save him, a hundred voices exclaimed. Violet Lyons had risen swiftly to her feet.

"I *knew*," she said quietly to her father, as she went over to him. He was limp and unconscious, and his head hung down on his breast. Instinctively room was made for Arthur Lyons, who lowered him to the floor, and his daughter, who went on one knee and supported his head.

She wiped his face, and then looked up at her brother.

"You had better go for a doctor," she said. "And somebody fetch some water."

* * * * * *

Richard came back to consciousness to find himself on a couch in the ante-room, with Arthur Lyons and Graill present, and another man whom he recognised as Dr. Martin.

He attempted to get up, and was promptly ordered to lie still. Then, despite his protestrance, he was presently enveloped in a [illegible]

[illegible] and ignominously carried outside and [illegible]ced in the Lyons's motor-car.

"You are coming with us," said Violet Lyons, practically, "And if you dare to say another word you'll be sorry."

She and her father and the doctor got in with him, and the car glided away, while Arthur Lyons and Graill followed in a cab.

A consultation with the doctor an hour or so later resulted in Richard being informed that he was suffering from a nervous breakdown, consequent upon severe and continuous mental strain, and that entire cessation from business worries was absolutely essential. The long, intense struggle against the Syndicate, and the expenditure of tremendous energy had told at last.

"But it's ridiculous," protested Richard. "I'm quite enough now."

"Put your hand out," said the doctor. "You see? ... Is that what you call right."

Richard grimaced. "I've been queer lately," he admitted. "A sort of reaction, I suppose. But I can ease up now. Everything is in smooth working order. As soon as those machines—"

"Shut up about the machines," said Graill, interrupting.

"We've got our prisoner at present," put in Vincent Lyons with a smile, "and the doctor gives us permission to work our will with you. You say your business will now cause you no anxiety. Very good. Then a holiday will not only be expedient but well-earned. My daughter and I are setting out upon a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean on Monday, and we want you to join us."

"But—" began Richard.

"No buts," added Arthur. "They're going to take you by main force if you refuse."

"He isn't going to refuse," said Violet from a chair near by, from which she had been listening to all that was said with an air indicating that discussion was superfluous.

Richard glanced at her, and at the others in turn. The kindliness on their faces made his will as weak as his body.

"There seems no alternative," he said, with a faint smile. "You're jolly good—all of you. Graill, you'll have to see to things while I'm away. I know you will, and I know you can. There's the machines—no, I must tell him this. It won't take a second."

The doctor made a helpless gesture, and turned back.

"Listen," said Richard, darting a guilty look at Violet's face. "Those machines. Ferguson has undertaken to deliver next Wednesday. You must get them up in the Syndicate works by the end of the next week, so as to be all ready for the men when they come in on the Monday. Ferguson has already been paid two-thirds of the cost as you know, one-third with order, and another third against completion. The remainder must be paid on delivery. You must agree to that. I'll sign a book of blank cheques, so that you'll be able to manage all necessary payments. That's all, I think. But if anything turns up that needs my attention you must wire me."

"Mr. Graill will do nothing of the kind," said Violet, distinctly. "We aren't going to land anywhere, so he can't wire you." The statement seemed to afford her considerable satisfaction.

"That's enough now, Mr. Selby," said the doctor, turning round.

"All right, all right," said Richard, testily, and resented his impatience the next moment. It was a sure proof of the condition of his nerves that he was unable to control his temper. "The only thing now is for Graill to get my things packed up and——"

"Dick, for heaven's sake, shut up!" said Graill. "I'll see to that and everything else. Come back fit and strong again, and don't worry about anything."

He gave Richard's hand a long grip, and more emotion showed in his face than in his words.

"You bet I will," said Richard.

"And now," said Violet, getting up and taking command, "you can go to bed. Arthur, you and Graill go with him and help him."

* * * * *

Violet, ever inscrutable in her methods, willed that Richard Selby should have the happiest three weeks of his life ere dealing him a blow as cruel as her treatment of him hitherto had been kind.

For three weeks, too, Richard, actuated by some strong sense of honour that forbade him, while the guest of Vincent Lyons, to use the occasion to further his own desires, kept out of his words the love that, had he but known, lived in his voice, his look, his every movement. And for three weeks the glory of this girl had illumined him and thrown light upon the meanings of things until now obscured and unconceived, so that he lived in a perpetual wonderland of rare discovery.

Now they were back, and at dinner, and a merry party indeed; Richard bronzed and well, and light-hearted as a boy.

And it was upon this scene that a servant entered and announced that Mr. Graill wanted to see Mr. Selby immediately.

"Gad!" exclaimed Richard; "the beggar must have set off from home immediately he got the wire to say we had returned."

"Ask him in," said Mr. Lyons, "by all means!"

"He said, sir, that he wouldn't come in, and must see Mr. Selby alone."

"He's nervous," said Richard, jumping up. "I'll go and fetch him."

He went out, and strode across the hall to the open door.

"Jim," he cried warmly. "You *brick* to come right away!"

Then his eagerness fled like a flash, and he stood aside to allow the light from the hall to shine more clearly on his friend's face.

"My gad!" he whispered slowly. "What's the matter?"

Jim's face was drawn, white, stricken. Tragedy had made its indelible stamp on it.

"Dick," he said, and the word came dry as dust, "are you better? Can you stand it? It's all gone to pot—everything has gone to pot."

Richard seized and shook his arm.

"Here, hold up!" he urged. "Have you gone crazy? What are you saying?"

He caught Graill's shoulder with his other hand and brought him up right face to face. "Keep still," he said, and stared long at him.

"All right," he said, releasing him. "Now, come into the hall and sit down. Take your time."

Graill obeyed listlessly, and Richard, who had gone extraordinarily calm, stood looking down at him. In his heart, more than all, was a great pity for the overwhelming grief of his chum.

"It was the machines," said Graill, dully, his eyes fixed on his boots. "They didn't come to time. I wired Ferguson, I 'phoned him, I went to see him. They weren't completed as he said. It didn't occur to me it mattered much then. Then the Monday—the day the men were to come in. I was doubtful. I didn't know what to do. There were the men, and no machines for them to work on—and you were away. I didn't know what to do. I told them they'd have to wait. I never foresaw it would mean trouble. They kicked up a row, but after a time they went away. They were there again the next day—and the next. I began to see then.

"But I got stubborn. I tried to do what I thought you'd do. I knew you wouldn't have let them rush you where you weren't inclined."

He looked up. "Should you?" he said.

"No," said Richard quietly.

"It went on—and they got nastier every day, and still the machines didn't come, and still I thought I was doing right in keeping the works closed. And I didn't know where to find you. And then"—his voice lowered—"they began to say there were no machines at all, and that you'd sold them, Dick. *Sold* them. You know what crowds are. And they threatened all manner of things I didn't believe in. I'd heard them threaten you like that before. But you're different, Dick. By God, they wouldn't have done it if you had been there!" He stopped, and his chest heaved.

"Done what, Jim?" asked Richard quietly.

"Bust up the Syndicate," answered Graill, mechanically.

"Bust up the—." Richard repeated the words to himself.

"Yes, got in and made hell and smash of everything—Mortimer at their head, raging like a fiend—and fired it."

"Fired it," repeated Richard, and repeated it as if telling some inner self. Suddenly his feelings surged back like a wave. "But the insurance, man," he said fiercely. "The place was insured. I saw the policy before—."

"An American company," said Graill stonily. "I cabled the New York agent to see them, and he replied it was a show all paper and no cash, an enterprise of Dean's."

"Dean!" said Richard. "J. T. Dean! So Dean scores one after all." He was calm again. "When was this?" he asked.

"Two days ago. Only two days. But there's worse." Graill spoke rapidly, savagely, now. "Yesterday the new machines turned up. They were at the railway siding, a dozen trucks full of 'em, and some *devil* got to know, and they went and battered the infernal lot to pieces."

He got up and flung back his head defiantly.

"The man you trusted—the man you left in charge!" he cried.

Richard looked at him, and looked away. He made no answer. Everything seemed to have collapsed to ruins about him. He stood for a while absolutely still, and Graill, whose gust of anguish had passed, walked slowly towards the door. Before he had gone Richard called him.

"Go along the drive," he said. "I'll catch you up presently."

Then with firm stride he returned to the dining-room. Two pairs of eyes looked up, and the question framed upon two lips was never spoken.

"I'm sorry," said Richard, "I must go."

Vincent Lyons got up and came forward. "Is it very bad?" he inquired, gravely.

"Yes, very bad," said Richard, without expression. He did not look at Violet, and he passed out, took up his cap, and went.

He had not covered a dozen yards when the sound of quick steps arrested him, and someone called "Dick!"

She came up.

"Without a word?" she said, and the accent of her voice went to his heart.

"It's ruin."

"What then? What does it matter?"

"Be quiet!" said Richard fiercely.

But she would not. "What difference does that make," she said, "to me?"

A breathless pause. Then with a swift movement, Richard caught her and kissed her full on the lips—kissed her roughly.

Then he sped away into the darkness.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

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MY COLLECTION

And memories vague of half-forgotten things,
Not true, nor false, but sweet to think upon.
—W. MORRIS.

It may be that I am lacking in imagination, or it may be that I have got more than my share, but it is certainly the case that I need some tangible memento before I can really call to mind and live again through the events and doings of the past.

I began my collection, I suppose, as a sort of concession to the idea that everyone must collect something; so I just collected anything, and a wonderful, miscellaneous sort of collection it is that I have got together.

I go on collecting now deliberately, because I know what memories the commonest things can call up for me, and sometimes, when I am alone with my collection, I seem to live again in the past.

But, you will be asking, what does the collection consist of?

For the most part it consists of a lot of rubbish that most people, and probably my heirs—for I mean to keep my collection to my dying day—would bundle unceremoniously into the nearest wastepaper-basket. But that is because they do not know.

The most respectable items in it are a few athletic trophies—not cups and medals, for I never managed to excel, but an oar that I once pulled lustily, a bat that, alas! saw more "ducks" than "centuries," though it did good service, and a football cap.

MILITARY MEMORIES.

Then there is a silver-mounted swagger cane I won years before the Territorial force came into being as a member of the smartest tent in the lines of the old Corps. There is its collar-badge, too, now a thing of the past, which I took off my old uniform and mounted on a little cloth-covered shield of cardboard.

But the greater part of my collection has only to do with the ordinary events of life. There is a postcard album or two filled with pictures that remind me of past holidays. I am always grateful for the invention of the picture postcard. I could not afford to buy photographs of all the places I have seen, but to go through my postcard albums by the side of a winter fire is like being back in the summer sunshine rambling through the corners of the country that have appealed to me most.

Here again is a bundle of tram tickets, mostly collected on my few trips abroad. A curious thing to collect, you may say, after one has grown to years of discretion, and better left to the urchins of the streets, but yet each one has memories for me, and often I can even remember the conductor who gave them me, and how I tried to imitate his pronunciation of the names of the streets and squares we passed.

MY LETTERS.

Letters I have galore, tied up in little bundles, each marking an episode in my life. Letters of congratulation, letters of sympathy, some the last letters I received from those that are dead and gone.

I have an inveterate habit of hoarding things—things that *may* come in useful some day, things that will call up memories of the past. I have done it for years, and I have never regretted it, for I owe many happy hours to it.

Many men live their life but once, the happy hours and the unpleasant ones alike, but I forget the unpleasant and the indifferent ones, and my collection enables me to live again and again through the hours of pleasure. Nothing is deemed worthy to join my collection unless it has a history attached. I do not collect postage stamps or coins, unless they bear King Edward's head upon them, for I could not weave the same web of fancy round them that surrounds my other possessions.

My greatest joy is to become the owner of some family relic, something that has belonged to a past generation of my forebears and shall belong to generations of my descendants—my great-grandfather's sword, an old scrap-book, a miniature or silhouette, even an old piece of furniture or document relating to the family—these are among the most treasured items in my miscellaneous collection.

I could never tell you all that my collection contains. There are theatre programmes, sports programmes, cuttings from newspapers—a few treasured ones in which my name appears in print—an odd poster or two, a badge or two that I have worn as an official at an athletic club meeting or a dance, my old water-polo cap, a hunting crop, and so on.

NO STOLEN GOODS.

I call them all part of my collection—in fact, I think almost everything I have forms part of it.

But I am not one of those who collect ridiculous things for no reason at all. I have no ambition to possess a policeman's helmet; I do not rip notices from railway carriages or restaurants to add to my collection, nor do I adorn my room with placards—"Ladies Only," "No Smoking Allowed," or "No Thoroughfare.'

I have never stolen anything that it might join my collection. But stay—I did once steal something. It was a little long-sleeved glove, and I have it still wrapped round a bundle of old letters that none but I and she who wrote them have ever seen.

I think that is the part of my collection that means most to me.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. B. (Elstree).—Sorry you don't approve of those articles where the character dealt with indulges in a glass of beer by way of refreshment after a long walk. In future we shall restrict ourselves, our contributors, and all the people they deal with, to a cup of weak tea, not too warm, or a glass of milk, well diluted with soda water. We *don't* think.

W. C. A. (Sheffield).—Never raise your cap on meeting a lady friend when you are in uniform. Salute her as you would an officer. The hooks for the tent-pole, which you describe, can be bought at any stores.

F. J. (Brooklyn).—Glad to hear they can't produce anything like us in America. We're first in something, anyhow.

W. D. (Belfast).—Thanks for practical suggestions. We are handing them on to writers who can deal with them. How are all the other Belfast boys?

A. R. S. (St. Albans).—Have your leggings made to come just over the top of your boots.

S. H. (Sydenham).—Much obliged to you for the idea, but we are rather tired of giving away copies, and very tired of the reader who waits for a copy to be passed on to him.

F. N. (Birmingham).—With a navy blue suit, grey socks and tie look very well. You might also have a grey or a black overcoat; and in either colour is always useful.

J. C. (Aberdeen).—Don't.

A. H. G. (Westhoughton).—We agree with you that there are, perhaps, things in THE MODERN MAN that your sons had better not read, but you need not show it to them. It is not a boy's page but a man's.

A. B. (Leicester).—Smoke a pipe by all means; it is generally admitted to be more wholesome for a man in training than cigarettes, but don't overdo it.

OF INTEREST TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.—Messrs. J. and H. Ellis, the well-known tailors, have made us the generous offer that they will allow 7½ per cent. on all their prices to members of the MODERN MAN League. This applies only to their Farringdon-street shop. Customers claiming this discount will, of course, have to show their badges to prove their membership. Those dealing with Messrs. Ellis by post must forward their badge, which Messrs. Ellis guarantee will be returned uninjured.

THE "PINK 'UN" XMAS ANNUAL—This year's annual fun-dispeller is brighter this year than ever. "Begone dull care" is its merry motto, and a good one too. It is the thing to read in the train.

TERRITORIAL INSURANCE: Lance-Corporal Lennox, of the "Roughriders," is advertising on another page a very attractive insurance policy for members of the Territorial Force.

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The OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

COLOURED SHIRTS AND BLACK SUITS

A Scottish reader raises several points which may be of interest to others.

"Is it good taste," he asks, "to wear coloured shirts when wearing a black suit and black tie?"

I have never heard any definite law of fashion on the subject, but personally I should say that it was advisable not to do so.

Those of a self-colour should certainly be avoided, and if coloured stripes are worn they should be only of the palest shades.

If you object to a plain white shirt, either with soft or starched front, however, you cannot do better than wear a soft-fronted shirt with stripes of black or some shade of grey upon it.

There are some very smart shirts of this kind at present on sale, and they are very fashionable for City wear by those who object to the uncomfortable garment that the American knows as a "biled shirt."

My reader also asks whether it is correct to wear a vest slip with these coloured shirts, or whether it should be restricted to the starched white one.

Provided the slip is of the soft or undress variety, and the colours of the shirt are not too violent, I do not think there is any objection to its being worn with a dark blue or black suit.

JEWELLERY IN MOURNING.

With regard to the question whether it is permissible to wear a tie-pin or other jewellery when in mourning, the tie-pin, if worn, should not contain a coloured stone but should be of plain gold or be mounted with a single pearl.

Similarly studs and links should be of plain gold when you are in mourning, and precious stones of all kinds should be avoided.

A CITY SUIT FOR GOLFING.

My correspondent also asks whether I can tell him how to get a suit made which would serve two purposes, and be suitable both for wear in the City and for golfing.

That is rather a tall order, for the looseness that is necessary in a golfing jacket does not always look well in the City.

However, if you can persuade your tailor to enter into the spirit of the thing and can give him a fairly clear idea as to what you want, there is no reason why you should not be able to get a suit that will answer the purpose.

The best material will be a dark grey tweed or something of that sort, for a light Harris tweed or the usual materials for golfing suits will look very much out of place in the City.

The suit will, of course, be made with trousers, and not knickerbockers, and, indeed, on most links, in all but the worst weather, trousers are just as suitable. If some protection against mud is necessary, you can keep a pair of leather anklets in your bag.

The waistcoat must be cut very loose under the arms, and may well have a pleat in the back.

The coat is best made without the pleats, so often inserted in golfing jackets, but it should be cut after the same style, so as to give the maximum of freedom to the arms, and it should not be too close fitting at the waist.

A half-belt might be added at the back if sewn down to the coat, but it will look a little out of place in the City.

The ideal is to get a jacket that will look as much like an ordinary lounge coat as possible, but yet will be cut more like a golfing jacket and give the same amount of freedom of the swing.

SCARF-PIN PROTECTORS.

I have referred once or twice on this page to the old-fashioned plan of securing a scarf-pin from dropping out of your tie, or being surreptitiously removed, by sticking the point into a small piece of cork behind your tie.

The other day I came across an exceedingly neat little invention for fulfilling the same purpose in a more effective and more elegant manner.

It consisted of a tiny little tubular cap with a knob at one end, and three small springs inside.

On the point of the pin being pushed through the centre it was gripped by the three springs so tightly that it was almost impossible to pull it off, unless the round knob were pulled, when the springs were released, and the cap came off easily.

These things can be got, I believe, from most jewellers, and the price of the one I saw was only sixpence, though it had a bright gold finish.

Besides preventing the pin from falling out or being stolen it has the further advantage of protecting your chest from the point, for some pins have an unpleasant habit of turning inwards.

TURNED-UP DRESS TROUSERS.

A Yorkshire correspondent writes to ask me whether it is correct to have a "permanent turn-up" on one's evening dress trousers.

"I have seen them turned up at dinner parties," he writes, "and on several other occasions, and I wish to know whether it is advisable to have the 'turn-up' made permanent."

It would be interesting to know on how many occasions he has observed turned-up trousers worn with evening dress, but I had always understood that it was exceptionally bad form so to wear them, and I have often been in terror of forgetting to turn them down before entering a drawing-room or ball-room if I happened to have walked to my destination on a muddy night.

Since I imagine that the fashion in such matters is set by London—with the assistance, perhaps, of Oxford and Cambridge—I can confidently say that evening dress trousers should be turned up neither permanentlynor temporarily indoors.

DOUBLE WAISTCOATS.

Talking of forgetting to turn one's dress trousers down, by the way, I remember once seeing a man solemnly walk into a ball-room wearing over his dress waistcoat and white shirt front a cardigan waistcoat of grey wool.

His confusion when it was pointed out to him by some kind friend was pitiable to see, but I admired his sense in wearing the garment as an additional protection against the cold night air, for evening dress provides but little protection for a man's chest.

The wearing of two waistcoats, even with morning clothes, is an excellent plan in very cold weather.

The one worn outside should preferably be of some woollen material or of knitted wool, and, of course, the opening should be cut considerably higher than that of the one underneath.

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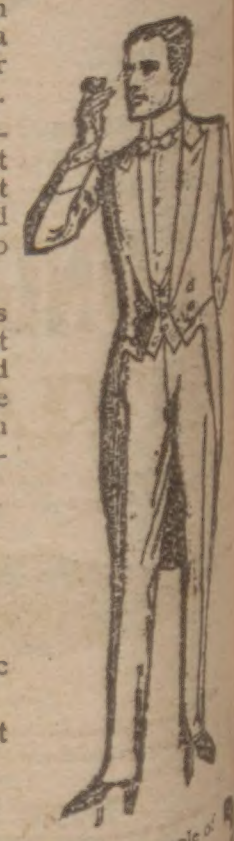

This is a sample of style and fit. We give it.

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There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Black riding coat and boots, small size; 25s.—Box 1370, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair hunting boots, size sevens, with trees and spurs; accept 15s., or exchange for hunting cap, size 6⅞in.—Box 1371, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, pair of riding breeches and pair of leather leggings, waist about 36in, calf about 16in., must be in good condition for cash. On approval.—Box 1372, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's brown hunting boots, small nines, first-class maker, good condition; what offers?—Box 1373, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, brown shooting boots, 7½ or 8, very broad; also leggings, 15½in., calf, good condition.—Box 1398, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

A set of golf clubs and leather bag, accept 45s. the lot. Can be seen at A. E. Brooks's, 129, Vaughan Road, Harrow.

SPORTSMEN should try Gilbert Gunn, 13, Breadalbane Street, Glasgow, the Scotch Turf accountant. Credit accounts opened.

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For sale, billiard table, very good condition, slate bed, 8 by 4, 2½in. thick, mahogany stand, 13 cues, rest, 3 ivory balls, iron, rules and scoring board; £30.—Box 1375, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Billiard Tables, see Riley's advt., page 15.

MUSIC.

Chance of a lifetime. Gentleman, through gun accident, must sell magnificent zither banjo, cost 10 guineas, in leather case, perfect; sacrifice £3 and lot music.—Box 1376, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Shorthand.—See Sloan-Duployan advt., page 19.

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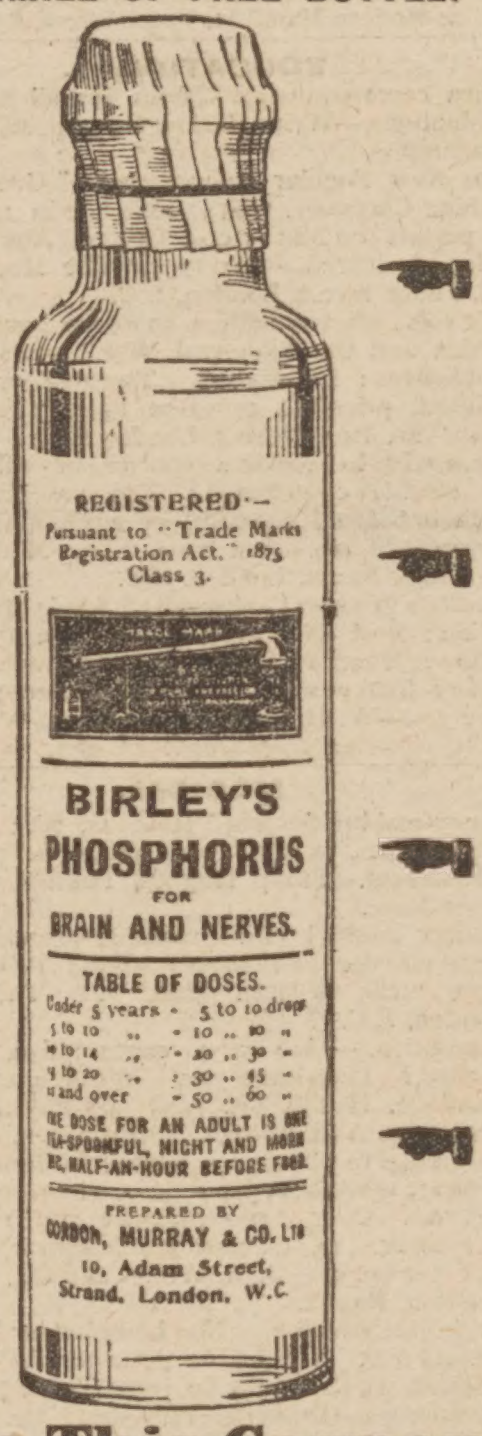
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